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The book of personal work

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THE BOOK OF PERSONAL WORK

By JOHN T. FARIS, D.D.

THE BOOK OF PERSONAL WORK

THE BOOK OF FAITH IN GOD

THE BOOK OF ANSWERED
PRAYER

THE BOOK OF GOD'S PROVI-
DENCE

THE LIFE OF DR. J. R. MILLER

NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

THE BOOK OF PERSONAL WORK

BY

JOHN T. FARIS, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF DR. J. R. MILLER," "THE BOOK OF FAITH IN
GOD," "THE BOOK OF ANSWERED PRAYER," ETC.



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FOREWORD

THOSE who expect to find in "The Book of Personal Work" a discussion of the principles of successful soul winning or a list of texts of Scripture to be used in the work will be disappointed. It is a book of concrete instances of soul winning. The reader is left to deduce principles from the narratives, if he desires to do so.

Many of the incidents related herein were told to the author by friends who have given permission for their inclusion in the volume. For the privilege of using others he is indebted to the publishers of volumes to which reference is made on page 321. Special acknowledgment is made of the kindness of the editors of *The Christian Endeavor World* and *The Sunday School Times* for leave to tell stirring stories of soul winners which appeared first in these papers.

It has been the author's purpose not to include in the volume incidents which have found place in any similar volume.

JOHN T. FARIS.

Philadelphia, 1916.

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INTRODUCTION

WHILE making one of his earlier missionary tours in China, J. Hudson Taylor was traveling on a river boat in company with a Chinese friend whom he was trying to lead to Christ. One evening he thought he was to have the joy of success, but decision was postponed. Next morning, while in his cabin, Mr. Taylor was startled by a cry and a splash from without. He rushed on deck and found that his Chinese friend had fallen overboard.

"The other men were all there looking helplessly at the spot where he had disappeared, but making no effort to save him," the missionary afterward wrote.¹

"A strong wind was carrying the junk rapidly forward in spite of a steady current in the opposite direction and the low-lying, shrubless shore afforded no landmark to indicate how far we had left the drowning man behind.

"I instantly let down the sail and leaped overboard in the hope of finding him. Unsuccessful, I looked around in agonizing suspense and saw close to me a fishing-boat with a peculiar drag-net furnished with hooks, which I knew would bring him up.

"'Come!' I cried, as hope revived in my heart. 'Come and drag over this spot directly; a man is drowning just here!'

¹ In "A Retrospect."

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“ ‘Veh bin’ (It is not convenient), was the unfeeling answer.

“ ‘Don’t talk of convenience!’ cried I, in an agony; ‘a man is drowning, I tell you!’

“ ‘We are busy fishing,’ they responded, ‘and cannot come.’

“ ‘Never mind your fishing,’ I said, ‘I will give you more money than many a day’s fishing will bring; only come—come at once!’

“ ‘How much money will you give us?’

“ ‘We cannot stay to discuss that now! Come, or it will be too late. I will give you five dollars’ (then worth about thirty shillings in English money).

“ ‘We won’t do it for that,’ replied the men. ‘Give us twenty dollars, and we will drag.’

“ ‘I do not possess so much; do come quickly, and I will give you all I have!’

“ ‘How much may that be?’

“ ‘I don’t know exactly; about fourteen dollars.’

“ At last, but even then slowly enough, the boat was paddled over and the net let down. Less than a minute sufficed to bring up the body of the missing man. The fishermen were clamorous and indignant because response to their exorbitant demand was delayed while efforts at resuscitation were being made. But all was in vain—life was extinct.”

The earnest missionary did not intend that his readers should stop with thinking of the cold-blooded indifference of the natives, for, after asking, “Were not those fishermen actually guilty of this poor Chinaman’s death, in that they had the means of saving him at hand, if they would but have used them?” he added:

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“Let us pause ere we pronounce judgment against them lest a greater than Nathan answer, ‘Thou art the man.’ Is it so hard-hearted, so wicked a thing to neglect to save the body? Of how much sorer punishment, then, is he worthy who leaves the soul to perish, and, Cain-like, says, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’”

The answer to that question was given many centuries ago by God himself. Speaking through Ezekiel the prophet, he said:

“When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity: but his blood will I require at thine hand.”

ONE
IN THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT

I

FIVE HINTS FOR SOUL WINNERS

FREQUENTLY a Christian hesitates to speak to a man a needed word of kindly rebuke and testimony for Christ because he fears he will be misunderstood and will do more harm than good. Yet how often the man who has delivered his message in spite of his fears finds that it is received with courtesy, perhaps even with gratitude.

A traveler in an unfrequented spot received great kindness from a roadside acquaintance. The kind man was most profane in his conversation. But profanity was ignored for a time, as the traveler was loath to take exception to anything said by the way-side Samaritan. At last he gathered courage, and said: "I hope you won't mind my saying it, for I'd hate to give offense to a man who has been so good to strangers as you have, but I wish you'd cut out that cursing; it hurts my ears." For a moment the stranger was silent. Then he said, humbly: "Maybe you been kinder to me saying that, than I been to you. That's the first time I ever been called down for cursing. I'm going to try to cut it out."

It is always possible to deliver to others the message God gives his followers for them. But there is a courteous way and an ungracious way to deliver it. What wonder if the ungracious delivery is resented?

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One reason for the failure of so much of the testimony for Christ given by his followers is the fact that they seem to feel the necessity of using stilted language when Christianity is the subject of conversation. But the language that reaches the heart is not polysyllabic.

A mechanic complained to a friend that the Christians he knew would not use market language with him. They did not make the gospel plain, so that common men could pick it up; they fired over his head.

A teacher has told of his failure to get close to people till he trained himself to speak plainly. At last came the day of success when he gathered the children about him and asked, "What kin is God to you, and what kin are you to God?" The sequel is told by the author of "In the Service of the King": "More than one mother told him afterwards that her child came home all aglow to tell her the fact, now for the first time really made his own, 'I am God's child.' That word 'kin' had unlocked the doors of heaven for him."

How many doors have been unlocked by simplicity in the presentation of truth! Jesus was a master in the use of simple language that finds the way straight to the heart. He put the gospel in the simplest possible terms, using language that the most ignorant couldn't misunderstand, and illustrations so familiar that they seemed commonplace. Those who would have power to mold lives for him must study his method, for men are eager for a plain, straightforward presentation of the essential things in Christian life and truth.

FIVE HINTS FOR SOUL WINNERS

Proverbs are helpful forms of expression, but the difficulty with so many of them is that they are only half-truths, and a half-truth is as unsatisfactory in an argument as half an umbrella in a driving rain. The man who seeks refuge behind a half-truth exposes himself to attack on every side.

A traveler, after arguing with a missionary as to the folly of his work among the natives of India, had recourse to the comfortable statement "We must take people as we find them." Like a flash came the reply: "I wish you would tell me how I could take them any other way than as I find them; as I understand it, we have got to take them as we find them, but God help you and God help me if we leave them as we find them! It is our business to take them and change them."

That reply is just as good in the mouth of a Christian at home as when spoken by a missionary. He is surrounded by people who are difficult problems. Always he has to take them as he finds them. But he does not have to leave them so. God's grace will transform them. It is the Christian's privilege to put himself in God's hands that God may use him in the transformation.

II

THE RIGHT TO SERVE

IT has been declared that one of the inalienable rights of man is the pursuit of happiness, and people are fond of quoting the expressive phrase. But how many of those from whose lips the words fall so easily stop to think that the surest road to happiness is found by those who think of others more easily than they think of themselves?

The story is told of a woman in a country town who chose to attend a church twelve miles from her home instead of the village church, where her membership was, because she felt that the spiritual atmosphere in the more distant church was superior. Yet—so the story goes—when she left her own church she left a class of boys without a teacher! To her the right to the pursuit of happiness did not include the right to serve.

The true view was expressed by the United States Minister to China who, when asked by a native by what right Christians go to China to teach their religion, replied: "The right to give others something that is too good to keep."

This is the very lesson taught thousands of years ago by the man who was not moved by the promise that, if he would accompany the Israelites on their journey to Canaan they would do him good, but was

THE RIGHT TO SERVE

attracted by the assurance that he would be of great assistance to the people if he would go with them. He wanted to be of use. To him the right to happiness meant, among other things, the right to serve.

Those who do not sympathize with Hobab have not begun to understand the spirit of Him who was in the world as one who serveth. The life that leaves out service of others in the name of Christ is doomed to failure.

III

MAGNETIZED FOR CHRIST

WHAT is the difference between a magnet and an ordinary piece of steel? There is no apparent difference—till they are tested. The steel is powerless to attract other bits of metal, while the magnet has a power that seems almost uncanny to one who is ignorant of what makes it different from other steel. What accounts for the difference? This is the explanation given in Tyndall's "Electricity and Its Similitudes":

"Let ten boys pair off into five pairs and each one clasp his mate in his arms; each one, say, is exerting a force of ten pounds, and it will require a force of twenty pounds to pull any one of the pairs apart. The five pairs are exerting a force of a hundred pounds, but this force is not felt outside of themselves. Now, let them unclasp themselves and take hold of a rope that is tied to a post and all pull with the same force that they were using, ten pounds each, and all pull in the same direction, and they would pull a strain of one hundred pounds upon the post, the same power they were exerting in themselves before they combined their efforts on something outside themselves."

Thus the secret of the powerlessness of the unmagnetized steel and of the power of the magnet is exactly illustrated. Before magnetization the molecules which

MAGNETIZED FOR CHRIST

go to make up the steel are exerting force against themselves, but when the steel is magnetized the molecules unite their force and this is exerted on outside objects.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago a strange statement was made by the people of Thessalonica, about two visitors named Paul and Silas. These visitors did not look so different from other men, but they had not been in the city long before there was a cry raised against them; the city was threatened by "these that have turned the world upside down." Who were Paul and Silas, that this should be true of them? What had they been doing? When Paul was called Saul, he was not of sufficient importance to be known very widely, and Silas was not at first a man of any consequence. How did it come that these plain men could cause such a commotion as their enemies declared they were causing? Wherever they went they were attracting men and women by telling them of Jesus, and bringing them into close touch with God. Then, inspired by the example of those who had attracted them, these men and women were going out and telling others what they had heard from the apostles. The result of all this was such a powerful overturning as the world had never known. Now how account for this? The explanation is simple: The Holy Spirit had taken possession of them. "Until the Holy Spirit dwells within and is manifest through one, he is quite likely to be so absorbed with himself and his own interests that he is powerless. It is only when we forget ourselves and suffer the Spirit so to possess us that he shall turn out all our latent abilities

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to ends outside ourselves, that we become spiritual magnets, attracting and uplifting others by this power that worketh in us."

Now it was the business of Paul and Silas to do all they could to make powerful spiritual magnets of other people, so that these might attract still others, and thus help in the work of turning the world upside down for Christ. Their method was to give messages from the Bible and, if possible, to lead men to study the Bible for themselves. In Thessalonica they had a measure of success, but they were driven away. Then they began work in Berœa, where they met with a more favorable reception, for the people were more open-minded, more ready to investigate what the apostles had to say. They listened to the words of testimony spoken by the apostles, then began to study the Scriptures for themselves, searching out the messages about Christ and his work, with the result that numbers gave themselves to him. These, having been magnetized in turn, went out to tell others of Jesus and urge them to study the Word that they might believe.

It was the power of the Spirit that made these early Christians bold as they testified for Christ, and it is the absence of spirituality in some modern Christians that is responsible for their silence about Christ as they go among their acquaintances. Once, when Mr. L. D. Wishard was in Turkey, he asked an Armenian priest, "Why has your church lost the enthusiasm for souls that characterized it in the early centuries, when its members were everywhere active in telling men of Christ?" "We are not an educated people," was the

MAGNETIZED FOR CHRIST

answer. "What evidence have we that the early witnesses who were so successful were educated men?" again asked Mr. Wishard. The priest shifted his ground. "We have no railroad facilities as you have in America, and so are handicapped in our work," he said. "What railroads did they have in the first century?" Mr. Wishard persisted. Then the priest owned up. "Ah, brother, those men had a relation with God and the Holy Spirit which we do not have."

To-day God needs men and women who will help to "turn the world upside down." There is just one sure way, and it is such a simple way. We must let the Holy Spirit make magnets of us as he did of Paul and Silas and some of those in Thessalonica; we must study the Scriptures with open minds, as the Bereans did. Then we must use our God-given magnetism and our knowledge of the Scriptures for Him who commissions us for his service.

IV

AT BOILING POINT

AT what temperature does water boil? But is two hundred and twelve degrees really necessary? Surely water would boil if subjected long enough to a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees, would it not? No? Then one-hundred-and-fifty-degree water cannot be of much use in doing the world's work. O. S. Marden says: "Lukewarmness in his work stands in the same relation to man's achievement as lukewarm water does to a locomotive boiler. No one can hope to accomplish anything great in the world until he throws his whole soul into it." Business men have no use for lukewarm employees; they want those whose energy and enthusiasm are always at boiling point—the point where things are done.

Then isn't it reasonable to think that God wants boiling-point Christians for his work? In fact, he tells us that he cannot abide a lukewarm Christian (Rev. 3: 15, 16).

That Paul and Barnabas were boiling-point men would be certain if we could know of their life-story only what is told in the fourteenth chapter of The Acts.

For instance, take the manner of their speaking to the people at Iconium. Two words tell the story: "so" (v. 1) and "boldly" (v. 3). What a lot of

AT BOILING POINT

fire there must have been back of their words to the people to make these so convincing!

But how did they manage to keep always at boiling point? One would think that rough treatment by the mob (v. 5), would dampen their ardor. One might think so until he learns the secret told to Bunyan's Pilgrim, in the House of the Interpreter. There he saw "a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much water upon it, to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter." For, out of sight, on the other side of the wall, One was always pouring oil on the flames. That fire represents God's work in the heart; the Devil, trying to put it out, is outwitted by Christ as he pours in the oil of his grace.

So Paul and Barnabas did not have to keep themselves at boiling point; Christ was doing it for them. They only let him have his way with them. That is all Christ asks of any of us.

Later verses in the chapter show that the temperature of the apostles had not gone down a single degree. From their persecutors they hurried away to preach the gospel elsewhere. When they came to Lystra, Paul spoke with such intense earnestness that the impotent man believed his words and was ready for the working of the miracle that changed his life.

Then came an unexpected difficulty that called for all the boiling-point energy of both preachers. When the people saw the miracle, they jumped to the conclusion that Paul and Barnabas were gods, and they made all their preparations to pay them divine honors. It was no easy task to restrain them. Fortunately the people were quieted.

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But would it not have been better to let the excited mob have its way? What an opening would thus have been presented for testifying for Christ!

So Paul and Barnabas might have argued. But they did not do so. They knew that if they permitted themselves, Christ's witnesses, to take the prominent place offered them, their influence for good would be destroyed. And they were there to tell of their Saviour, not to be honored themselves.

Guido Verbeck, a modern missionary in Japan, once had a similar problem. He had been decorated by the Emperor of Japan for his great services to the people. When he was about to speak in one city, he saw that the fact of his decoration was advertised on the billboards which announced the service. Instantly he ordered the removal of the bills, and asked that nothing be said of the honor he had received, for he was there to speak of Christ, not to be gazed at as a man of distinction.

Not long after the attempt of the people to worship Paul and Barnabas, Jews came from Iconium, where the apostles had been mistreated, and so stirred up against them the people who had wished to worship them as gods that they stoned Paul and left him for dead. Yet he was soon able to rise and travel as if nothing had happened.

It we had been among those standing about the still form of Paul, and had seen him come to life again, is it not likely that we would have felt like advising him to hide from his enemies for a while, and to keep still about Christ, for safety's sake?

Possibly there were those who gave some such ad-

AT BOILING POINT

vice. But Paul was a boiling-point Christian, and he went back into danger, going to the very towns where he had been mobbed and continuing his work of telling men and women their need of Christ. The Devil's water-pouring was not having the desired effect. Fire fighters say that sometimes in a burning building the heat is so intense that the water thrown on the flames by the engines makes the fire burn more fiercely than ever. So persecution was making the fire of Paul's enthusiasm more intense.

When the first missionary journey came to an end, and the apostles went to Antioch, what a thrilling story they could tell of effective preaching, hair-breadth escapes and terrible hardships! No; they forgot all these things, and told of what God had done with them, and of how God had used their words of testimony for the truth to bring about the beginning of the coming of the Gentiles into the Church.

Those who would do effective personal work must be boiling-point Christians. Otherwise they will be apt to give up when danger threatens, or will be so conscious of themselves that their presentation of Christ will be half-hearted. There is nothing the Devil likes better than to bid one who is busied about Christian work think, "How well I am doing this! What a good impression I must be making!" The motto of the Christian whom God delights to use must be that of John the Baptist: "He must increase, but I must decrease."

V

A GLORIOUS PARTNERSHIP

THERE came a day in the course of the personal testimony of Paul and Silas for their Master when the people of Philippi, enraged at their activity for souls, thrust them into prison. Now if some of us were in prison, put there because of some unjust accusation, what would we be apt to be thinking about doing when free? If one of us had been in the place of Silas, Paul's companion in the Philippian jail, what would have been said to Paul? 'In all probability, something like this: "I say, Paul, what's the use trying to help people? We haven't done a thing but tell these people of Jesus, urge them to become his followers and do his work; and now see what has happened to us! This morning when we saw that poor, half-witted girl, what could we do but, in the name of Christ, command the demon to come out of her? And who would have thought that her cure would stir up such a rumpus? I suppose we might have expected the sort of gratitude her employers showed; we might have known that there are many people who will put up with anything rather than have their pocketbooks interfered with. Then, Paul, think how they dragged us into the market place! I can feel their rough hands on me now! And how they lied about us to the judges so that the order was given that we should be

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beaten with rods! But that wasn't the worst. They threw us into this prison, and told the jailer to guard us well.

"Paul, wouldn't you like to get even with the judges, the men who lied about us, and this jailer? Not much chance of that, though! The best thing we can do when we get out of here is to slip off quietly to a place where there isn't quite so much feeling against Christians. Maybe we'd better say as little as possible about Christ. We can go on believing, without putting ourselves out by telling of Jesus to people who don't want to hear. What do you say, Paul?"

Yes, if Silas had been like many modern Christians, that is about what would have been said. And if Paul had been a little less like Christ, he would have been apt to tell Silas that his words were quite sensible.

But this is not what happened. Paul and Silas were probably suffering torture from their wounds. Unable to sleep, they were making such good use of the hours that they had no time to think of pain. They were praying and singing.

We are not told the subject of their prayer. But it is not likely that they spent much time praying for themselves; there were too many others of whom they were thinking. There were the people to whom they had spoken about Christ. There was the young girl. There were her masters, who had lied about them, the judges who had sentenced them, the men who had beaten them, the jailer who was keeping them safe, and the prisoners who were round about. If they stopped to pray for themselves, their petition was

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probably that they might be strong to do more work for God as soon as they were released.

And they sang praises to God who had given them the privilege of suffering for him. What strange prisoners the others in the jail must have thought them! Perhaps some of them were saying, "If believing in Jesus makes fellows act like that when they have been so badly treated, it might be a good thing for us to look into the Jesus doctrine!"

Then came a still greater surprise—the earthquake, the opened prison, and the failure of Paul and Silas to escape. But these followers of Jesus had no time to think of escaping; the jailer, for whom they had none but the kindest thoughts, was about to take his own life. Here was the chance for which they wished—to speak for Christ to a man in need.

What a strange message theirs must have seemed to the jailer! He had never known the like in all his experience—prisoners whom he had mistreated, anxious about his safety! It was enough. If the salvation these apostles had been telling about made such men of them, he must have it for himself. He had never felt his sins as at this moment, and he cried out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And there in the broken prison, the light of the stars shining through the crevices in the roof, the penitent jailer was led to Christ.

Again the apostles had won a soul for the Master. Prison bars could not keep them from his service, any more than they were able to keep Peter and his companion when they were thrown into the dungeon, simply because they persisted in testifying for Jesus.

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Delivered from the prison by God's angel, they renewed their testimony.

When the priests learned of their boldness, they sent for them and said to them words which brought from the apostles a statement of the wonderful honor that belongs to everyone who bears witness for Christ: "We strictly charged you not to teach in this name," was the message of the priests. The accused men did not quail before the angry words, but answered bravely, "We must obey God rather than men."

Then they explained what they meant by obeying God. They had been commissioned by him as his witnesses to tell of Christ's death and resurrection. They were proud of this office, but prouder still of their partnership in this work with the Holy Spirit. "We are witnesses, and so is the Holy Spirit," they said.

The opportunity for an honorable partnership pleases those who are ambitious. All over the land are young men working as clerks and assistants who are looking forward eagerly to the day when they may be invited to become partners in the houses by which they are employed. Many of these ambitious young men will never, perhaps, realize their dream. But there is a far more honorable partnership open to everyone. It is the partnership of which the apostles proudly spoke. If we will, we may become partners with the Holy Spirit in his work of witnessing for the Lord Jesus Christ.

What new attraction Christian work would have if we should always remember that we are to do it in partnership! How hard things would become easy

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and rough places smooth! "James Jamieson and Partner"—how does that look when each of us writes his own name where that of James Jamieson stands, remembering that the partner is the Holy Spirit? We want to be one in that partnership!

VI

WHEN HARDSHIP BECOMES JOY

UNTIL a Christian is filled so full of the desire to bear witness for Christ that he is ready to go anywhere or endure anything that his testimony may prove effective, he is not living up to his privileges as a partner of the Holy Spirit.

Too many are like the young Christian Indian, educated, eloquent, ambitious, who looked about for chances to do good. One day he said to a friend, "I'll go anywhere except to the dirty blanket Indians." The wise friend said, "Take care! God may send you to the very blanket Indians you despise." He was right. The call came. It was resisted, until sorrow and suffering led the Indian to see that God's way was best. Then he went to the dirtiest of the blanket Indians, and his life was filled with joy and contentment.

A young man who had learned a like lesson of readiness to speak to anyone under any circumstances saw a cripple seated at a Philadelphia street corner, asking alms. To the astonishment of the passers-by, he knelt on the pavement, spoke a few words of sympathy, told the cripple of Christ, and gave him a Testament. Within two weeks the man had read the Testament, had found the Saviour, had given up drink, and was seeking work. One who had passed him by a hundred times did not recognize him, until he was

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told of the man's identity and what was the cause of the change. Then he wondered at the readiness of the Christian whom God had used in this instance to help the cripple in such a public manner. Sorrowfully he owned to himself that he would never have been able to do a thing like that; he was too much afraid of what people might say.

When a man is really in earnest about his work he is not apt to be turned from it by sneers. A peddler took his stand near the door of a telegraph office where a score of messenger boys were employed. It was just at the noon hour and some boys, rushing out to luncheon, caught sight of the street merchant. With a shout they gathered about him and commenced to make fun of him. But he, paying no heed to their slighting remarks, began to talk his wares. It was his opportunity.

In a meeting in Edinburgh, addressed by Henry Drummond, a large congregation of university students was present. A young man felt that he must speak to them. What if there were those who would scoff? He had a message that could not be delayed. Pushing his way to the leader, he told his desire. "This young man has something to say to you," the announcement was made. He didn't find it easy to speak, but, very haltingly, he began: "You fellows know me. I fancy I am well known in this university, and I am known as a waster. I am leaving college this year. I have decided to take Christ as my friend. I thought it would be a mean thing to go away without telling you."

Pastor Hsi in China was just as courageous. He

WHEN HARDSHIP BECOMES JOY

braved the sneers of his countrymen by bearing on his coat wherever he went the words, "Holy Religion of Jesus," and thus he opened the way for many conversations about his Master with those who inquired concerning his curious decoration.

The sure way for the Christian to escape sneers is not by silence about Christ, but by a life that is in harmony with the words spoken for him. The inconsistent Christian invites sneers by his inconsistency, and finds it all but impossible to win others for Christ. The consistent Christian not only silences sneers, but he sometimes wins critics without knowing it. "I heard you bump your head against the deck last night," said the captain of a river steamer to a young man who had slept in the upper berth of the captain's stateroom, "and I said to myself, 'now listen while the Christian swears.' But there wasn't a sound." From that day the captain had a new notion of Christianity.

The life of a boy employed as timekeeper in a large factory had like power. He was a Christian, and he tried to live as he thought a Christian should, speaking a word for Christ whenever the opportunity offered. Many of the other boys in the factory, not wanting a Christian among them, were as unpleasant to him as they could be; but he was just the same quiet, faithful follower of Christ. Then they resolved that he must leave the factory. They stole some money, and tried to throw suspicion on him. For a time his prospects were dark. But there was a thorough investigation, and the culprit was discovered. The timekeeper was given back the place that had been taken from him

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while he was under charges. His employer ever after reposed full confidence in him, and his influence for Christ by words and by life began to bear fruit.

It is a mistake to lay so much emphasis on the difficulty of living and speaking for Christ. We should not talk about our Master's service as if it involved hardship. To use the words written by James concerning the Christian's trials, we are to "count it all joy." And it is joy to speak for Christ! "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel," was Paul's way of putting it. "We cannot but speak the things which we saw and heard," was the message of Peter and John.

A happy, rollicking, healthy schoolboy of sixteen had the right idea of the joy of witnessing for Christ, when he wrote to a cousin just before a summer reunion: "What a responsible position we two hold among our cousins! Just think, we are the only ones who are Christians among them. If they could only be made really hearty Christians, what splendid times we'd have this summer! For, after all, I don't know of any subject I am so much interested in as Christ."

VII

THE RESULT OF CONFIDENT TESTIMONY

THERE are many Christians who have never made an effort to bring others to Christ. They give all sorts of reasons for their inactivity. They say they do not know how. But, while they continue inactive and ignorant, others, just as weak, just as timorous, just as young in the Christian life, have been bringing friends to such a condition of heart that they are eager to surrender to the Master. How does it come? By God's blessing on their efforts. They know he has promised to be with them; so they speak with boldness.

Christians know something that will cause men to marvel. Let them tell it. People misunderstand God, so many of them. They do not think of him when they see the flower unfolding its petals, or the rain falling on the thirsty earth. Let Christians talk of God, that those they meet may know they connect these phenomena with God. So many think God is not loving; let Christians tell them that he is loving, and how they know it. God has commanded his followers to speak of his glory and talk of his power; let them be faithful to their Commander.

What about results? Leave these with God. He knows the efforts made by his people. He knows if

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a follower of his has been obliged to retire discouraged after a talk with someone whom he has been trying to point to Christ. But Christians have learned that sometimes when they are most discouraged, their efforts are being most richly blessed. The results of faithful work will appear in God's good time. That may not be till the judgment day. Then it will be known how God has used feeble attempts to serve him. And many unexpected stars will be placed in the crowns of those who have been his instruments in saving souls from death.

But of one result there is certainty. A man's own faith is strengthened by every attempt at conversation for Christ. It is impossible for a Christian earnestly to urge another to accept Christ without having his own spiritual life quickened. So, when a Christian becomes discouraged, when the Saviour seems far away, and he wonders if he is losing his faith, let him go out to prayerful, consecrated effort for those who know not God. For every halting word spoken for Christ, there will be an upward lift in his own life. For every effort made to help neighbor or friend, help will be received. He will be nearer God.

TWO
UNWILLING

VIII

LEARNING HIS LESSON

A CHRISTIAN business man who was in demand as a speaker on personal work was on his way from Boston to Hartford, where he was to deliver an address. He was weary, for he had already spoken twice that day at a convention in Boston. With a sigh he sank into an empty seat, hoping he would be able to retain the entire space to the end of his journey. In a moment he was lost in a restful book.

The car filled rapidly. At last he began to fear that someone would ask him for a seat. In order that he might discourage approach, he spread himself over the seat as much as possible, and went on reading.

But it was not long till a man stood at his elbow, and asked:

“Seat taken?”

“No, sir!” was the rather ungracious answer.

The stranger took his seat, and the reader went on with his book. As he read he eyed his companion furtively. He could not help wondering if God wished him to speak to the man.

“No,” he thought. “I do not need to speak to him. He looks like an Irishman. He is probably a Catholic, settled in his belief.”

But he could not satisfy his conscience. He lost interest in the volume. Finally, in desperation, he

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turned to his companion and made a tentative remark. Soon, feeling that he must do more than this, he asked him if he was a Christian.

The question was all that was needed to break down the stranger's reserve. His eyes filled with tears, as he owned that he had been a Christian, but had wandered far from God.

Before the conversation was brought to a close, the man made known his purpose once more to be an earnest Christian.

"I thought, since you looked like an Irishman, you might perhaps be a Catholic," said the reader, in apology for his long silence.

"Well, I didn't think you looked much like a Christian when I sat down," was the frank reply.

With equal frankness the man told the incident at the Northfield Conference in August, 1900.

But one who knew him was able to tell another incident which showed that the man had learned his lesson.

One morning the speaker arrived at the auditorium thirty minutes early. He used the time in thinking of his address. While he thought what God would have him say about personal work, it occurred to him that God might have something for him to do.

"Looking around, he saw a lad passing down the aisle near him. He called the lad, and soon discovered that he was from a town ten miles away. Then the boy owned that, although he was fourteen years old, he had not yet crowned Jesus King, though he had 'thought about it.' Only the Sunday before, he said, his Sunday-school teacher had talked to the class in

LEARNING HIS LESSON

a general way, not individually, asking them to accept Christ.

“ Skillfully the fisher of men led him on. ‘ Do you know that Jesus wants you now?’ he asked. ‘ Will you not obey the call of the King? Surely nothing is to be gained by waiting; Christ ought to have your best years.’ ”

Then they knelt together, and the boy dedicated his life to God’s service.

“ That teacher might have had the boy last Sunday, just as well as not,” the speaker said, in telling the incident, “ but he was afraid to appeal to the boys one by one.”

IX

AT BOTH ENDS OF THE LINE

ONE day the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in a city in Canada was sitting in his office, in the midst of his tasks, when, for some reason he could not explain at the moment, he thought of a man living in a distant section of the city.

"I wonder if he is a Christian," he mused.

He had no reason to think the man was not a Christian, so he tried to put him from his mind and resume his work. But he did not succeed. His mind persisted in dwelling on the man.

"I don't believe he is a Christian," he finally decided. "But what has that to do with me?" his thoughts ran on. "I am not in touch with him. I can do nothing for him."

Yet he could not rid himself of the thought that the man ought to be a Christian and that he ought to do something to bring to his attention the claims of Christ.

He went home that evening without taking any steps to get in touch with the man. All evening he had the uncomfortable feeling of a duty not performed. At length he went to bed, thinking that sleep would drive the persistent thought from his mind. But he could not rest until he had deter-

AT BOTH ENDS OF THE LINE

mined to go and see the man on the way to his office next morning.

Next day the feeling that he should see the man, and without further delay, was so strong that he could hardly wait until breakfast was out of the way to turn his steps toward the home of the man who had robbed him of sleep. Yet when he reached the house his courage failed him. Turning, he went back to the corner. There he paused, saying to himself :

“ I must go to him, and I will.”

A second and a third time he passed the steps. It was not until the fourth attempt that he succeeded in overcoming his strange diffidence and climbed the steps.

When his ring was answered, he was ushered at once into the parlor where he was asked to wait for his quarry.

During the few minutes which elapsed before the entry of the man he sought, he had another attack of fright. Why had he come to this house? What excuse could he offer for disturbing the business man at such an early hour?

His anxious questioning was interrupted by the entry of the man of the house, who greeted him pleasantly but looked at him with surprise and curiosity.

“ Now for it ! ” the visitor thought, and moved himself to speak the words which he feared might prove the signal for ordering him from the house.

“ I have come this morning to ask you to become a Christian,” he said, quickly. As he spoke he felt that he had blundered. How much better it would have

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been if he had led up to the statement of his errand with great care!

There was no time, however, for regrets. The man was speaking.

"I can't tell you how glad I am you have come," he was saying. "Yesterday and to-day my heart has been full of the subject. I have been longing for someone to help me out of darkness into the light."

That day marked the beginning of the Christian life for this man. Soon he was known as one of the most active Christians in the city.

"The point is this," said the minister who told the story to the author of this volume. "The Spirit of God was working at both ends of the line that day. When God speaks to Peter he speaks to Cornelius at the same time. And woe to Peter if he does not heed the message and go to the Cornelius whom God has been preparing to receive his message."

X

GOD SHOWED THE WAY

A BUSINESS man in Montreal was sitting in his office when he heard a voice say to him, as plainly as if the words had been spoken aloud:

“Go and see S——. He needs you. Talk to him about his need of Christ. Go now.”

The business man made excuses. He did not know S——. S—— did not know him. S—— was wealthy. He would think the call an impertinence.

Yet he could not silence the voice that spoke to him. The message persisted. At last he determined to obey, though he insisted to himself that he would have his labor for nothing; that S—— would sneer at him.

Yet surely there was no need for haste. He could find S—— any day. He would wait a more convenient season.

That night he could not sleep. Nearly all night he thought of the millionaire and of his neglect to go and see him. He was not able to rest until he determined to go and see S—— at his home, before business hours.

As soon as he decently could, he approached the house. As he reached the door his courage failed him and he walked on. He came back, but again courage fled. A third approach was necessary before he was able to ring the bell. He was shown into the parlor,

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where he trembling awaited the rich man. At once when S—— came into the room, the visitor said :

“ I was thinking of you yesterday and last night. I felt I must speak to you about your personal relation to Jesus Christ.”

The millionaire put out his hand, and replied :

“ I am glad you have come. Yesterday afternoon and last night I spent the blackest hours of my life. Everything seemed dark. My anxiety was very great. I did not know what was wrong at first. Then I understood that I must settle matters about my soul. From that time I longed to have someone come and talk to me of spiritual things. Now you have come. I need you.”

And before the business man left the house, the millionaire had given his heart to Christ.

XI

THE WORD WAS NOT SPOKEN

“IN 1905 a business trip took me twenty miles away from the railroad,” a business man in an interior New York city says. “The driver of the livery rig was a youth apparently of humble parentage, and a lad who had evidently enjoyed few privileges. In one way and another I had drawn him out in conversation.

“He was not a Christian young man; this I got, not by putting the question directly but by patching together pieces of our chat as we journeyed. We found much in common to talk about, and our ride was not without its pleasurable side to me.

“During the journey a voice seemed unmistakably to prompt me to speak to the young man about being a Christian. I hesitated, although the conversation might easily have been turned that way. Then the voice came again more clearly than before, and yet I did not obey it.

“My thought was, ‘This conversation will easily lead to that.’ But while I hesitated we rounded an abrupt turn in the road and close at hand a village came to view. In a few minutes my driver was announcing the end of our journey.

“I never saw the young fellow again; and over and over I have mourned the fact that I missed speak-

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ing the personal word that I might have spoken to good effect. I have the long settled fear that the trip over the hills that day will rise up in the judgment to condemn me for not having been obedient to the voice of God in its prompting to soul-winning service."

XII

THE MAN ANOTHER WON

“**Y**OU have been telling of the joy of winning men to Christ,” a secretary of a Young Men’s Christian Association said to a company of his associates. “Now listen while I tell you of the sorrow of failing to win a man who might have been mine.

“One Sunday afternoon at our three o’clock young men’s meeting I noted a man in the back row who seemed to be much interested. Something told me I must speak to that man at the close of the meeting. I resolved to do so.

“But at the close of the meeting there were a number of things that seemed to demand instant attention. The man was forgotten.

“At four o’clock we used to have an hour of Bible study. That afternoon many men gathered. As I looked over the faces I came to that of the man who had attracted my attention. As before, he was in the back row. Again something said to me I must speak to that man at the close of the hour. I berated myself for past neglect, thanked God I had a second chance, and went on with the study.

“Just as the men were being dismissed, I thought of something that must be done in connection with the preparations for the tea which had been announced for the hour from five to six. So, as soon as prayer

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was offered, I hurried from the room in entire forgetfulness of the man to whom I had resolved to speak.

“But a third chance was given to me. The man was among those present in the tea room. This time he was in the front row of those who stood about.

“‘Now I must see him,’ I thought. ‘I will speak to him. Nothing must be allowed to hinder me.’ But something did hinder. I reached the man, held his hand for a moment—and was called away. I was doing something—I do not know what—at the moment he left the room.

“Two hours later I was on my way to evening service. As I went I thought of my lost opportunity of the afternoon. Who was the man who had attracted me? Where had he gone? Would I ever see him again?

“As I passed the Salvation Army Hall I heard singing. I had a few minutes to spare, and went in. The first thing I saw was my man, standing in the front of the room, among the penitents. He was just beginning to speak. And this was what he said:

“‘All day long I have been looking for peace. I went to the Y.M.C.A., hoping that someone would speak to me. I was at the young men’s meeting. No one came near me. Then I went to the Bible class. Still no one spoke to me. In despair, I decided to try one more meeting, and I went in to tea. Once I thought the secretary was going to tell me what I needed to know. He took me by the hand—then hurried away.

“‘So I came away, still looking for peace. I heard

THE MAN ANOTHER WON

music here, and climbed the stairs. And here I heard the word I have been listening for all day.'

"I shall never forget those accusing words," the secretary concluded. "They were ringing in my ears as I hurried from the hall. And with them I heard the words of the prophet, 'While thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.'"

THREE
MAKING A BEGINNING

XIII

HER HUNGER SATISFIED

FOR weeks a city pastor had trained the young people of his church to do personal work during a series of evangelistic meetings, urging them to use every possible opportunity to speak to those who might be won to Christ, pointing out to them the passages of Scripture which might be useful, reminding them that God was waiting to use their efforts in behalf of their friends and neighbors. They were to go into the homes of the people before the meetings and during their progress; they were to take others with them to the services; during the meetings they were to speak to those whom they had brought, and to others, urging them to decide for Christ without further delay.

"And what about you?" the uncomfortable question persisted in making itself heard in his own heart.

"Oh, I am to be so busy directing others that I shall have no time for the work I am asking them to do," he made answer to the uncomfortable question—uncomfortable because during the first years of his ministry he had made similar efforts to excuse himself from doing personal work.

The meetings began, and the pastor rejoiced in the faithfulness of the young people. Every evening many of them would come to the meeting in company with one or more strangers, and later they would be

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active—wisely active, usually—in speaking the word that encouraged others to respond to the minister's invitation to accept Christ or in talking to them after they had made known their desire to accept him.

For a few nights the pastor succeeded in persuading himself that he was doing his part by directing others. His helper preached the sermons, he marshaled his young people, the young people did what he asked them to do. What more could be required of him?

But he was not satisfied with himself. He knew he ought to be doing his part by the side of the personal workers; they needed the inspiration that would come from seeing him do what they were doing.

From day to day the struggle continued. He was startled to discover that there was such a struggle. Several times he made up his mind, "This evening I will do my part." But on three evenings he did nothing more than he had done before.

At length he decided to falter no longer. He would act that evening! Yet when the opportunity came, and others were busy, the old hesitation took possession of him and he tried to be busy about other things.

He paused a moment in his bustling activity and watched the young people. He was proud of them. They were responding so well to his training; they did him credit. How many they had persuaded to come forward!

Then his feeling of self-satisfaction was dissipated by the thought: "Yes, they are doing well, but how about you? You have done nothing but persuade others to do personal work. Why don't you do something yourself?"

HER HUNGER SATISFIED

Most of the time available had slipped away from him before he decided to speak to one person before the meeting closed. But who was it to be? He looked out over the thousand or more faces before him. At first they seemed a mass with no individuality. Then he noted one face that seemed to call him. It was the face of a stranger, but he thought, "I must speak to her." He hesitated no longer, stepped down from the platform, and walked down the aisle, straight to the woman. He reached her—and passed her! Then he took a fresh grip of himself, turned back to her, spoke a few words of invitation, and then walked with her to the front of the church.

The woman asked to unite with the Church before she left the meeting that evening. Her request was granted, for there was no mistaking the look of joy and peace on her face.

She became one of the most earnest members of the church. She was unobtrusive, almost shrinking in her manner, so her pastor did not learn her story until after the day, years later, when he asked the congregation to consent to his removal to a distant city.

The morning after the announcement, when he came to his study in the church, she was waiting for him.

"I am glad I was not present yesterday," she began. "I do not think I could have borne it to hear that you were going away."

The pastor expressed his appreciation of her desire to have him remain. But she saw that he was surprised as well.

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"You have won the hearts of all in the church," she explained, "but I have a special reason for thanking God that you came here. May I tell of it?"

"Two years ago I was unhappy, and I did not know why. I was always wanting something. One day I went for a steamboat ride; I thought this might satisfy me. I tried a picnic, but it did me no good. I tried so many things, but felt the same longing for something else.

"I decided what I needed was to see my sister in Denver. The fare was a great obstacle, but I managed to save it and went to her. For a few hours after I got there I felt better, but next day I was as unsatisfied as ever. I had to come back home long before I had intended to come.

"One evening I was out walking when I saw the people going into the church. I followed them. I was interested in everything. How I wished I could be as happy as the folks I saw all around me!

"After a while I began to wonder if I couldn't be as happy. I heard what was said about taking Christ for our Friend.

"Then it all came over me like a flash. I wanted the Christ of whom the speaker was telling. I wanted him to take my life and make it worth while. If he only would, how glad I should be!

"I heard the speaker give the invitation to those who wanted the Saviour of whom he had been telling, to come to the platform and kneel in prayer. I wanted to go. But something held me back. It could not be that this was intended for me—this invitation that meant so much. It was intended for those who were

HER HUNGER SATISFIED

going to the front. It was intended for those others to whom some of the young people were speaking. But it was not for me. If only someone would come to me and ask me—me alone—to come to the platform! Then I would know that there could be no mistake.

“One and another came close to me, and my heart beat high with hope. But I was passed by for someone else.

“Then it seemed to me as if the thing I wanted most in the world was a touch on the shoulder and a message, ‘Come!’

“Then I saw you step from the platform. You were going to speak to someone. How I wished you would come to me! But, no! I had no right to think of it. You were going to someone else. . . Down the next aisle. . . No, you were coming down my aisle. . . You were coming nearer. . . Now you were going to stop. . . No, you were going to someone back of me.

“I thought my chance was gone, but suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and someone whispered:

“‘Won’t you come with me, my friend? Your Saviour wants you.’

“I thought there must be some mistake. But when I looked up I saw that no mistake had been made. I was wanted! I was to go with the minister. I was to be satisfied!

“I went with you to the front. I found Christ that night. And I have been so happy ever since.”

Long after the departure of his visitor the pastor

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was still thinking of his struggle to join his young people in doing definite personal work. What if he had not spoken to the woman? Would she ever have become a Christian?

“Thank God I did speak!” he said, profoundly moved.

And during the years of his later ministry, he looked back on that evening’s struggle and victory as a crisis in his life.

XIV

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

FOR the encouragement of those assembled at a great national conference of Methodist men, George Innes related this story of his beginning as a personal worker :

“I had been a member of the Church for nearly twenty years. Often I had said, ‘Lord, give me the grace and courage to go out and win someone for you.’ All my life since at the age of twelve I had joined the Church, I had desired to do this. But the years slipped by and I did not do it. One day I was traveling from Devil’s Lake, Dakota, to a town in Montana. As I lay in my berth it seemed to me that the Lord spoke to me and said, ‘To-morrow you are going to die.’ It startled me and frightened me, and then I remembered as I looked my Visitor in the face and prayed, that the Lord has said, ‘I will take care of you.’ So I said, ‘It is all right, I can go with you.’ But he looked at me and said, ‘But you are going alone.’ That is a terrifying thing: to go into eternity alone. The Lord said to me: ‘You know every stick of lumber, every bushel of grain, every acre of land. Why don’t you deal with me in that way? Do you know any lost ones in this town? Why don’t you make a list of them?’ So I wrote down their names. I thought of a competitor in the grain business who

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was a good friend of mine and who would believe me. And I thought I would go to him. Then I thought, 'He will ask me about the man who has been working for me for twenty years.' I said, 'I cannot go to him.' I could not win my friend until I did go to this man. I saw that, but I said, 'I will call the preacher in tomorrow and ask him to go to that fellow and get him out of the way, and then I will go to this friend of mine.' I actually did that thing. I called the preacher in and said, 'Have you ever spoken to Charlie about his soul?' 'No.' 'Don't you think you ought to?' And he said, 'Yes, I ought to. I know it.' Then something came to me and the voice said, 'You know that all the king's horses could not pull that man into the kingdom over the top of you; why don't you go to him and confess?' I said, 'I will go; you need not go.' I went. I met him at the door. He suspected that I wanted to talk to him about some business done that day. When I said, 'Charlie, don't you want to take Christ as your Saviour?' he broke into tears and was saved.

"Not long after that I moved to a large city. I canvassed the churches of that city, one hundred evangelical churches, and found only two with men who made it their business to go into the streets and alleys to try to win other men to Jesus Christ. I joined one of them. During the years I was in that city scarcely a Sunday afternoon passed that I and others were not in the streets trying to win men, and I can remember only two Sundays when men were not brought into the kingdom."

XV

WHEN HIS EYES WERE OPENED

AS a student, George Sherwood Eddy was blind to duty and the possibilities of personal work until one day when he was crossing a lake. "I had crossed on that ferry-boat many times that summer," he said in 1914, in an address to men, "and had seen it filled with unattractive people whom I had looked at with cold criticism. But that day I saw them with eyes that were opened; I saw that ferry-boat freighted with human souls. I spoke to the man next to me, and he left that ferry-boat after giving his heart to Christ.

"But, oh! the journeys that were gone, which I had made with no message for men. It is a terrible thing to know the truth and to refuse to pass it on."

Years later, while Mr. Eddy was on the way to a convention, something happened that was one result of the vision the student gained as a passenger on the ferry-boat when he won his first soul.

"On the train I went back into the barber shop," he related the incident. "While the barber was cutting my hair, he said, 'I was in a wreck.' 'So was I,' I answered. 'I nearly lost my life,' he went on. I said, 'so did I.' And then I asked him, 'Were you ready?' 'Why, no,' he said, 'I was not.' 'Are you ready now? Sometime you will have to go. Are you

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ready? You are not fit for the kingdom. Say just two words; say "I will" to God, and you may enter the kingdom of heaven. Say it, man. You have been waiting thirty years; say it to-day.' But he would not.

"An hour later, after I had gone back to my berth, he followed me through the train and said to me: 'I can't get away from it. I am going to say "I will," and I say it now with all my heart.'

"Since then letters have been coming from him. He has been witnessing in missions in Chicago and in New York, at either end of his run; wherever he has been he has given testimony for Christ,"

XVI

AN INTRODUCTION

A MAN who traveled for a large Chicago house decided that if he was to talk satisfactorily to customers he must know the firm's catalogue from cover to cover. He was not deterred by the fact that the catalogue contained more than one thousand pages, but he set to work to learn the descriptions of all goods noted. It was his custom, when leaving for a trip, to cut out a few pages of the catalogue. These he would study carefully during the long hours of travel or during the evenings in his hotel room. The work was never done, for periodical revision of the catalogue gave him fresh work.

When that young man became a Christian he decided that, since he was to travel through life in the interest of the Lord Jesus Christ, he must know the Bible as thoroughly as the catalogue of his firm. But somehow it was not so easy to learn the Scriptures as it had proved to learn the catalogue. He began with John 3: 16, for he had been told that Moody called this text "The Little Gospel." It was a month before he could repeat the simple words in public without stumbling. But he persisted in his efforts until he was able to repeat either entire chapters or to quote passage after passage, selecting and arranging them according to the needs of the man to whom he was talk-

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ing. When he made a public address, his use of the Bible was a marvel to his hearers.

Opportunities to use the Bible with which he was so familiar were as numerous as his opportunities to use his firm's catalogue. On the train, in the hotel, and on the street as well as in the church, he approached men, and many of those to whom he spoke were led to Christ.

Once he was seated in the lobby of a hotel when a bell boy handed a telegram to a man at his side. The recipient read it, then rose from his seat and began walking rapidly back and forth, swearing as he walked.

The Christian traveler thought he must speak. Approaching the profane man, he said:

"You seem to be in trouble. I wonder if I can help you?"

The angry man paused, and replied:

"Trouble? Talk about trouble! You don't know what trouble is. I go home once in three months. I have a wife and two children waiting for me there. I expected to make them my regular visit in two weeks. But just now orders came from the house to go out for three months more. There is not even a day for a visit to my home."

"That *is* trouble," was the sympathetic response.

Having heard this word of sympathy, which he could feel was spoken by one who appreciated the situation, the troubled man was ready to hear the message of the traveler who knew the Word.

"Evidently you are traveling alone," was the next observation.

"Sure I am! Who would I be traveling with?" came the surprised answer.

"I traveled alone a long time," the Christian continued. "I had my troubles, too. I did not know what to do, until I was introduced to the Lord Jesus Christ. He has been my Companion ever since."

The man looked as if the Christian did not know what he was talking about, but he proved that he did know what he was saying.

"Jesus promised to be with me. He said, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' Here are his words." And he took his Bible from his pocket and turned to the chapter and verse.

Many other passages of Scripture were quoted as the men continued in conference for some time.

And when the moment came when the disappointed man must start on his three months' trip, he took his new friend by the hand and said:

"Thank you for introducing me to him who will be my Companion, too."

Is Jesus our Companion? Are we introducing him to our friends and acquaintances?

FOUR
UNASSUMING WORKERS

XVII

HE WON HIS FRIEND

IN "The Knightly Soldier," Henry Clay Trumbull's biography of his friend, Major Henry Camp, a college chum tells of the power of the Christian example of the young soldier:

"On entering college, I was wholly without hope and without God. I was beyond the reach of any power except the power of Jesus. I do not know whether I believed the Bible or not. I did not hesitate to ridicule such parts of it as my inclination, urged on by such a state, prompted. I could sit in a prayer-meeting, in the revival of '58, when nearly all my classmates were giving testimony to the power of God to send hope and peace to despairing souls, wholly unmoved. I could even smile at the emotion these expressed. Camp was my companion through college more than any other member of the class. He was by my side at recitation and in the chapel during the entire four years. I saw in him a character and a life I had never seen before. By his life I was forced to admit that his profession was *per se* no libel on the Master in whose service he was.

"I do not recollect what part of our college life it was when he first spoke to me on the subject of my soul's salvation. It was not, however, till after his upright and Godly life had forced from me the most

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profound respect for him and for the Saviour to whom he prayed. He said very little, but he said enough to lead me to think over my past life, and to cast a glance at the future. I shall never forget the impression that first conversation made on my mind. It was not so much what he said, as the way he said it. He believed he was setting forth God's truth, and spoke as if he knew it was so. I believed that he knew it was true, though unable to explain how he became conscious of it. Thus I pondered, and felt that he had evidence that had been withheld from me. He spoke with me only a few times on this wise, but every time with telling effect. I could not help thinking of it; and after we were parted, and I had lost his companionship, I made his thoughts the companions of my lonely hours. I began to love him more than ever, and with love for him grew the love of the same Lord whom he loved and served. The conflict to me was a severe one; and how I longed to meet him and converse with him!

"Passing through New Haven, when first on his way to his regiment, he left on my table a line to this effect:

'Dear B.:

'Sorry to have missed seeing you. Good-bye.
God bless you. HENRY W. CAMP.'

"I would have given a fortune to have seen him for an hour. I had not at that time revealed my feelings to anyone, and felt that he alone was fit to receive them. I wrote to him, and his letters supplied in part

HE WON HIS FRIEND

the loss I felt. Not a day since we parted, I venture to say, has he not been in my mind. I cannot but feel that he was the instrument chosen of God to unveil the darkness that shut out the light from my soul. I fear that, had I never known him, I had never known the love of God nor welcomed the glad enjoyment of a Christian experience."

XVIII

FINDING TIME FOR SERVICE

“WELL, what do you think of it?”

A young man pointed with pride to the carefully made table over which he had been working for months. Then he told of the fabulous number of pieces of woods of different colors which had been deftly fitted together so as to represent a landscape.

“I’m glad it’s done; it has taken all my evenings since last October,” he complacently remarked.

But the friend to whom he was displaying his work did not see the table top very clearly because of the mental picture that would come before him of the nine or ten boys who, since the previous October, had been without a teacher who would work with them in Sunday school and would win their confidence by careful living and earnest testimony during the week, for the amateur table manufacturer had said he could teach them no longer because he had no time. He had time to waste on a table of intricate workmanship but little value, yet he had no time to give to God’s service.

That excuse, “I have no time!” is constantly heard when pastors and other leaders call for volunteers to do needed work. And the strange thing about it is that most of those who give the excuse, have the most time at their disposal. The bulk of church work is

FINDING TIME FOR SERVICE

done by men and women whose business or home cares press upon them from morning to night.

The superintendent of one of the largest Sunday schools in the United States is a merchant whose immense establishments demand close attention. One of the largest Bible classes in Pennsylvania was long taught by a capitalist whose many interests crowded upon him constantly. But he always had time to do Christian work during the week, a definite part of which was the personal word about the deep things of life spoken to his employees and others with whom he came in touch. On Sunday, no matter how many hundreds of miles away he might be, he would rush home to stand as usual before his class. A New Jersey carpenter and house builder, whose men were at work in several counties, made it a rule never to be absent from the Wednesday evening prayer meeting of his church. Some years ago he felt he could not well spare the time consumed by going from work to prayer meeting, a distance of thirty or forty miles, sometimes over several different railway lines. So he bought a motor-cycle. After that an hour's ride would bring him to his home and to his church. It was a hard trip after a busy day. But what of that? He was his pastor's right-hand man in the struggling rural church. He felt that his appeals to the men whom he met from day to day would be more effective if he lived in accordance with his teachings.

Eight years before General Benjamin Harrison became President of the United States, he showed his eagerness for service by his readiness to spend important hours in conference about spiritual matters

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with a man who was employed as a clerk in an Indianapolis store.

“ This was in 1881, during the session of the Legislature in which General Harrison was a candidate for the United States Senate,” wrote one who had learned the details from the clerk himself. “ On account of the uncertain complexion of the Senate at that time, the Indiana contest was one of national interest; the days and nights were occupied with planning and campaigning, and every moment of General Harrison’s time was demanded by his supporters. Inquiries for him were constant. He left one conference only to be drawn into another.

“ One Sunday, at the conclusion of the regular service, a member of Mr. Harrison’s church approached the young clerk and invited him to join the church membership. The young man replied that he could not formally affiliate himself with any church because, though he believed the Scriptures in a general way, he was still perplexed on a number of points. In that condition of mind he could not conscientiously join a church. This conversation was overheard by General Harrison.

“ The General quietly ascertained where the young man lived, and on the next evening called at his boarding house. The landlady, who recognized him, was surprised and awed, and replied, to an inquiry if the young man were at home, that he was. She invited the general into the parlor; but he said that he would rather meet the young man in his own room.

“ He was conducted to a small rear room on the

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upper floor, and when the young man opened the door in answer to the landlady's knock and saw General Harrison, he said, as he was wont afterward to express it, that he might have been knocked down by a feather.

"Though he had long admired Mr. Harrison at a distance and had become accustomed to seeing him at church, he had never spoken to him, and had not imagined that the General was even aware of his existence.

"Mr. Harrison sat down, and with an unwontedly cordial manner at once set the young man at his ease. He told him that he had overheard, on the previous day, his expression of doubts regarding the Scriptures, and said :

" 'Now, I am a much older man than you. I have for years been a student of the Bible, and perhaps I may be able to throw some light upon the points which you do not understand. I hope, too, that you will not look upon my visit as an intrusion.'

"Having inquired as to what points were doubtful, General Harrison proceeded to invest them with a clear and definite meaning, and then entered upon an elaborate and masterful exposition of the basic truths of the Scriptures.

"At length the talk drew to a close, and Mr. Harrison looked at his watch.

" 'Why, how late it is!' he said.

"It was two o'clock in the morning and he had talked with the young man for seven hours.

"Thus, at a time when his political future was in the balance and when political workers were con-

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stantly looking for him, he spent hours in sowing the spiritual seed in a field accidentally pointed out."

The example of this man of national prominence was followed by a young man of whom a Chicago janitor told at the Convention of the Men's Brotherhood held at Pittsburgh in 1908. He always made good use of his evenings, but one week he swept aside all evening engagements and came to his pastor with the request, "Give me the names of young men whom you want me to see for the church this week. Every evening is free for this work."

Some of the young man's friends found fault with him for neglecting other matters of importance in order to assist his pastor. No more effective answer could have been made to them than was made by William Carey to an acquaintance who complained that by preaching from village to village as he was doing, he was neglecting his business of cobbling shoes.

"My business is to extend the kingdom of God," was the answer. "I only cobble to pay expenses."

What is our business? Can we be in doubt when we read the command, "Go work to-day in my vineyard."

XIX

HOME OPPORTUNITIES

A MISSIONARY in Korea told with great delight of a woman who seemed much interested in learning about Christianity. She listened eagerly to everything she could hear about the gospel. She learned to read so that she might study for herself the life of Christ. It was soon evident that she had given her heart to him. Those who knew her thought that soon she would unite with the Church. But weeks, months, years passed, and she did not offer herself for membership. Always she put off with some excuse those who invited her to make a public confession of her faith in Christ. At length the missionary pressed for the real reason for her delay. Her reply was a revelation to him. Bursting into tears, she said:

“Jesus told us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and he said that if we love him, we will keep his commandments. But I—how can I go?” And she pointed to her crippled feet.

Of course the missionary reassured her, explaining that it was possible for her to obey the command by influencing others for Jesus just where she was, in the home from which she could not go without great difficulty. Her joy can be imagined. She united with the Church at once and soon was one of its most

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active members, influencing many by her earnest life and her words of invitation to "taste and see that the Lord is good."

While many Christians can obey the commission by going far from home to the heathen, there is need for those who, called to be active in business and professional life and in the home, give such daily testimony for the Master that they become winners of the souls of those about them.

A young mother, who was unable even to attend many church services, or to take part in the activities of the women's societies, because of the claims of little children on her time, was criticised for her inactivity. But she was active in the one way open to her. She lived between the homes of a brother and a sister, each of whom had a family to care for, and she noted that the families were not on visiting terms. Tactfully she drew from the sister, when opportunity offered, the story of the quarrel that had been the cause of estrangement in a once happy family. Then, just as tactfully, she set about healing the breach. Months were required, but before the year was done the families were visiting back and forth as of old. And this result was all due to the quiet, winning ways and words of the busy little mother. She didn't know just how the change had been brought about. She did not claim the credit. But her pastor knew the truth, and when, a little later, the sister united with the Church, he understood that she had been won, not by his sermons or his visits, but by God's blessing on the unconscious efforts of the home-keeping mother to obey the Master's command.

HOME OPPORTUNITIES

In the same city, some years ago, a young husband and wife went to housekeeping. They were in comfortable circumstances, and so found it possible to take two servants into their home. The servants were sisters, who came from a country where they had been trained to look with suspicion on the religion of their new master and mistress.

The first day they were in the home, the husband, when about to conduct family prayers, turned to his wife, and asked:

“Of course we must ask the maids to come in and join us, if they so desire?”

The wife agreed, and the servants were invited. At first they hesitated. They did not know whether they should put themselves where they would hear the religious teachings of their employers. But already they were learning that there was an atmosphere in the home that lulled suspicion. So they decided to worship with the rest.

Months passed. Twice each day master and mistress and the two maids knelt at the family altar. The maids were impressed by the Scripture reading and by the prayers, but, more than aught else, by the lives of the husband and the wife, which were so in accord with both the Bible reading and prayers, and by the tactful words of the wife by which she followed up the impression made by the Scripture reading.

One morning, after prayers, they asked if they might stop for a few words. “We want to become Christians like you,” one of them said.

In a few moments it became clear that they were both ready to unite with the Church. “And what

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church would you like to become members of?" the question was asked kindly.

"Oh, if we might make so bold, sir!" was the answer, "the church that you belong to, yourselves!"

And so it came to pass that, at the next communion, the sisters took their places in the church and were welcomed there by the husband and wife whose consistent lives had won them for the Master.

This was only a beginning. During many years this Christian home was a center from which radiated influences that made men and women desire to be Christians. The wife in her home and social duties and the husband in his business cares ever kept before them as the one great purpose of life, to make known the love of God and to persuade others to receive that love.

XX

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

A NEW YORK CITY pastor says that one of the most successful personal workers he has ever known was a man of many handicaps. His personality was not impressive, nor was he gifted in speech. Besides, his business was of a very burdensome and exacting nature. He had little time to give to anything outside the daily routine of labor. His education was quite limited, except that he was well acquainted with his Bible. He was certainly not a man of influence in the ordinary meaning of the term.

"Yet this man of many limitations did a large work for Christ," his friend says. "He was busy all day long, but he made good use of his evenings and of his Sundays. Not a week went by during which he did not speak to some soul. He had a deep earnestness about him that left its impression upon others. He was friendly and sunshiny, and nobody could doubt the reality of his interest. The secret of his power—for he had real power—seemed to lie in the fact that he got close to others. He was direct and personal in his address; he knew how to speak to the heart. I have heard him speak in public when a critic would have said that he had made a failure. Yet invariably it was found that what he had said left its impression upon hearts. This man's faith was very intense. His

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religion was very real. When he died a few years ago there were literally scores and hundreds of men who called him the father of their faith."

The same pastor knew a successful personal worker who had wonderful power with men, yet he had great difficulties of speech. He was not an easy conversationalist, and his public addresses were sometimes almost absurdly bare and unattractive. If the success of his work had depended upon good talk, he would have been a complete failure. Sometimes in conversation he would lapse into sudden silence. What he had to say was easily exhausted. But his silence was as sincere as his talk.

"There was one thing which was always present in his dealing with men," his pastor testifies. "He might be talking very imperfectly, but he never failed to leave the impression of absolute certainty as to his own experience. There was a pressure of fact about all that he said, that seemed to push open the door of hearts. He seemed to be saying all the time, 'I have tried this gospel and have found it true.'"

"This element of personal earnestness and genuineness is one of the great elements of success in personal work," the pastor says. "It does more than an eloquent tongue. If one has had a true experience of the love of God in Christ, he has already some preparation for personal work. If he knows the riches of Christ's salvation in his heart, he ought not to lack for something to say that is worth saying. Let him speak simply and directly, and out of the heart. He should not try to tell what he does not know."

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

A third personal worker of whom this pastor tells is a blacksmith. He has native intelligence, and a heart in love with his Master. He has never been trained in the schools, but he has profited much in the school of Christ. He has read few books, but one Book he has read to good purpose; he has hid it in his heart. He knows little of science, and nothing of art, but he has a passion for souls. There are few men in the community who are as useful as he. He is ever watching for souls. He has skill of a certain kind—the skill of love. He goes after men and brings them to the church. He prays much for souls and does not grow weary. When he reads the Book he finds a message for the other man, even as he finds one for himself. He has won many souls to Christ. Yet men do not think of him as a man of ability.

FIVE
IN STRANGE PLACES

XXI

ON A RAILROAD TRAIN

AT a great men's convention, volunteer speakers were asked to tell briefly of their experiences in trying to win men for Christ.

An Alabama railway engineer declared that ever since he became a Christian he had made it a rule to speak for Christ at every opportunity. On the way to the convention he had the chance to talk religion to a dozen passengers on a sleeping car. One of the men became a Christian in consequence of this personal work.

Another man said that his had been the joy of leading scores to Christ. "Two are in the seminary studying to be ministers, and they will preach the gospel after I have gone to heaven," he added.

A man from Iowa said: "Going into Chicago Saturday evening, a man with blue overalls sat in my seat on his way to West Chicago. He was from Nova Scotia. His father and mother, I found, were praying Christians; they had family worship. He had been away from home for years, and is the boss of forty men in the service of the Northwestern road. In talking with him about his soul and the Lord Jesus Christ, he told me, after an hour's conversation, that he would accept Christ. He was so anxious to get home and tell the glad news to his daughter, who is a

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Christian, that he got off and walked five miles rather than go on into Chicago and wait there for a train home."

A fourth delegate told this incident: "In Los Angeles one evening I was writing letters late and I wanted something to eat. As I passed down the street, a man said to me, 'I have not had anything to eat for about three days. Can't you give me a nickel?' I said, 'You must be pretty hungry. I will buy your supper to-night.' We walked into a restaurant and I ordered this young man a supper. After we had got through eating I began to talk to him. The theaters were closing and people were beginning to come in. He had been reared in a Christian home, and had attended Sunday school, but he had drifted down until he had no hope at all in this world. After I had talked with him for three-quarters of an hour I was successful in leading him to Christ. The next day I was again in the restaurant and the proprietor said to me, 'Were you here last evening, and were you not the one talking to the young man over there?' I said I was. He said, 'Just wait a moment.' He invited me into his private office and for two hours and a half I had the privilege of talking with him. He reminded me that on the night before, when his restaurant was crowded with people, I was not ashamed to tell of my Master, and he added, 'I want to know the One in whom you trust.'"

Some Christians wonder why men like these are so successful in their attempts to persuade others to become Christians. They would not wonder so much at their success if they had been present at an adult

ON A RAILROAD TRAIN

class conference held in connection with the World's Sunday School Convention in Washington in May, 1910, and had heard a visitor tell this incident:

"One day I saw an old soldier on the train. I tried to converse with him, but he did not seem to care to talk. After a few efforts I gave it up, concluding that he was not a very sociable individual. The train stopped, and another old soldier came on board. He took a seat by his comrade. It was simply wonderful how the old warrior woke up and a lively conversation began at once. They had fought together and marched together over many a weary trail, and now they fought their old battles over again."

The way to the heart of the most taciturn and uncommunicative man may be found by sympathetic study of the man in order to learn what he is interested in. When this is learned, use it as a point of contact. Is it objected that there are some men who are interested in nothing that can be used as a basis for conversation? If one had asked Frank Higgins, the "lumber jack's sky pilot," if this is true, he would have been apt to answer by telling of a woodsman of whom everybody despaired until Mr. Higgins, noting his fondness for his dog, began to talk dog to him. Soon the dog owner was the sky pilot's most devoted follower. The successful Christian worker becomes skilled in searching out the things that will bring him close to the men he wants to reach. Jesus did this. We need to study his methods.

XXII

ON THE BASE BALL DIAMOND

ONE of the best-known ministers of the country has told of the priceless legacy received by him in memory of his father, who died after a trying illness, leaving his family almost penniless. When all debts were paid the mother had just five dollars remaining. With this sum she bought a Bible for each of her two children. On the fly-leaf of each she wrote this message:

A FATHER'S LEGACY

Keep the charge of Jehovah thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments . . . and his testimonies . . . that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself. I Kings 2 : 3.

The gift was not appreciated at the time by at least one of the recipients. He forgot the loving entreaty, and dishonored his father's memory and his God by reckless profanity. But one day there was a sudden change. In a match game of ball, at school, he was struck by a player who wished to disable him. "I turned upon him with an oath and with the spirit of destruction in my heart," the injured man wrote many years later. "A fellow student. . . was shocked. . . Had he rebuked or scolded me before the players, probably I would not be writing these words, but he looked at me sorrowfully, and softly and slowly said,

ON THE BASE BALL DIAMOND

‘Has it come to this?’ For two or three days. . . I saw before me the loss of both character and reputation, and of all the promises of the Christian religion.” He asked himself, “If it has come to this, what will it come to later?” That question led him to Christ. Before long he was a student for the ministry. He felt that his only safety was in devoting himself without reserve to the service of the God whom he had been neglecting, whose name he had dishonored, the God of his father in whose memory his mother had given the disregarded Bible. Thus the investment of the widow’s last mite had paid abundantly.

Through all the fifty years of brilliant and devoted service, his appreciation of his father’s legacy has become even greater, until now he says that he “would not exchange that Bible or even the fly-leaf with the inscription written by a mother’s pen and heart, for any of the rare books or pictures to possess which J. Pierpont Morgan expended his millions.”

God does not forget his promise to show mercy unto the children of those that love him and keep his commandments. These children may wander far from him for years, but his Spirit brings to them the knowledge that he is yearning for them. Frequently God uses an associate to speak the word that brings the wanderer back to him, as on the New Jersey base ball field nearly sixty years ago.

What if the Christian student had failed to speak to the profane player? And what if we fail to speak the word in season to those whom God puts in our way?

XXIII

ON A SAILING SHIP

REV. F. J. HORSFIELD, an English clergyman, has told a story of personal work in which a number of people figure.

A company of Christian Endeavor workers in England decided to prepare a little Christmas present for each sailor on a ship bound for China, and to accompany the present with a message of Christmas greeting. The presents and letters were to be given to one of the sailors, kept by him until Christmas, and then delivered.

The sailor charged with this duty was the only Christian on the ship. His comrades jeered at him, but he was not disturbed. The one who sneered most declared that he was an infidel, and that he had no use for Christmas or any other Christian festival.

But when, on Christmas morning, the infidel was given the packet bearing his name and a Christmas greeting, he was amazed.

Wondering, he tore open the packet and read the note two or three times. Then he exclaimed:

“There must be something in it!”

The Christian sailor realized that the opportunity for which he had long sought was about come to him. The infidel was ready for the message he could give.

That afternoon, when shore leave was given to

ON A SAILING SHIP

some of the men, including the infidel and the Christian, the infidel asked if he might take a walk with the Christian.

Now the Christian sailor had looked forward to a quiet time that day; at first he was not willing to have his plans interfered with. But he realized that, in all probability, his longed-for opportunity was at hand, so he welcomed the man as a companion.

Together they went to a hillside on the outskirts of the town. There the infidel told his companion that the letter had brought before him his own little girl.

“There are two or three things just like what she used to tell me, and some lines of one of her favorite hymns; and it has brought it all back, and—well, mate, I guess I’d like you to pray for me if you will, if you think God can forgive such a black sinner as I have been.”

When the men rose from their knees, the defiant man had become a Christian.

The religion of the convert was speedily put to a severe test. His mates adopted all sorts of objectionable means to make him disgrace his profession, but to no purpose. At last they made up their mind that he was a real Christian.

Then began earnest work on the part of the two Christians in the crew, among their companions. “Ultimately,” Mr. Horsfield says, “the captain and no less than ten of the crew were led to yield their hearts to Christ.”

XXIV

A FELLOW TRAVELER'S WORD

IN "The Great Acceptance," Guy Thorne has told the story of the conversion of Frederick N. Cherrington, an Englishman, son of a wealthy brewer, who gave up the prospect of inheriting his father's wealth because he saw before him the far greater opportunity of ministering to the poor and the distressed in the name of Christ.

Mr. Thorne quotes Mr. Cherrington's own account of his conversion:

"I was traveling on the Continent along the Riviera, or the South of France, and just before I returned from Cannes I met with my friend William Rainsford, the celebrated Episcopal clergyman from New York. We traveled home together to England, and when we got to London I invited him to come and stop at my father's house at Wimbledon. At the time I was living a very moral life, and not without some interest in eternal things, but my only belief was in the Book of Common Prayer, and especially in the statement, 'Wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.' When we got to my father's home, to my great astonishment Rainsford suddenly said: 'I feel very guilty. We have traveled together all the way over the Continent, and enjoyed ourselves very much, but I have never spoken to you about your soul. The

A FELLOW TRAVELER'S WORD

fact is, I am a Christian, but I have spent the winter in the South of France for my health, and I have been in very worldly society; but now that I have got back to old England these things seem to rise in my mind, and I feel that I must ask you if you are saved.' I said, 'Really, Rainsford, we have had a very good time on the Continent, and I think it is a very great pity that you bring up such a debatable subject just now.' He said, 'I will ask you to do only one thing, and that is, that when I am gone you will promise to read through the third chapter of John's Gospel.' I promised him I would, and accordingly the next night, while smoking a pipe before going to bed, I read the third chapter of John, and as I read it I thought to myself: 'This is a very curious thing. Here are two men, my new friend Rainsford, and my old friend Lord Garvagh, who both say the same thing, that they are "saved."' As I read the chapter, light came into my soul, and when I came to the words, 'He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life' I realized that I, too, possessed 'eternal life.'"

In 1873 the young convert learned how much money was being earned by the products of the brewery from which he expected his inheritance. So he went to his father and told him he would have to renounce his inheritance. His father argued with him, but to no purpose.

Many years later, when the father was dying, he could not be comforted except by the son who had disappointed him by giving up his inheritance. He owned that Frederick was right, asked him to pray for him, and died a Christian.

XXV

WHAT THE CONDUCTOR DID

HIS story has been told by James H. McConkey, thus:

"I have a Christian railroad friend, a passenger conductor on a train running into a Southern city. One morning on his usual run he was sitting beside a wealthy turpentine merchant. Presently the train stopped at a wayside station. A young man, visibly intoxicated, stepped aboard the train. He dropped down beside a companion, with the words, 'I drank a quart of whiskey since five o'clock this morning.' And then he went on with a perfect stream of profanity and blasphemy.

"My friend stood it as long as he could. Then he said to his companion, 'I cannot endure this any longer. Please excuse me.' He arose and crossed the aisle. The companion of the young man vacated his seat. The Christian railroad conductor sat down beside the blasphemer.

"'I have listened to your profanity, young man,' said he, 'until I cannot bear it any longer. My dear boy, have you a mother and father?'

"'Yes,' replied the young fellow.

"'Are they Christians?' asked the conductor.

"'They are,' said the boy. 'My father is an officer in a church.'

WHAT THE CONDUCTOR DID

“ ‘ Well, young man, can you imagine how your mother’s heart would bleed if she stood here and heard you blaspheme the name of Christ as I have heard you this morning? Why, she would not take all the silver and gold in the world, and hear that.’ ”

“ And then as he went on with increasing earnestness my friend put his arm over the profaning boy’s shoulder, and pleaded with him to cease from his manner of life.

“ Presently the boy broke down utterly. He put his head on the conductor’s shoulder, and sobbed out his penitence like a child. As they dismounted at the end of the run the young fellow made an appointment to meet the conductor at his room at the hotel to talk it over with him. And talk it over they did to a finish. It ended in the young man giving his heart to Christ. The next year the conductor learned that he was superintendent of a prosperous little Sunday school, and giving noble testimony for Jesus Christ.

“ But the stream of power from this Christian railroad man’s life did not end there. The wealthy turpentine merchant had witnessed the whole scene, and heard the conversation. As the conductor started toward his hotel he heard his name called. Looking around, he saw the merchant standing beside his team, which had come to meet him.

“ ‘ Hold on, conductor, I want to say something to you. I was listening to your conversation with that young man. You did not mean it for me. But I want to say this: I am a wealthy man. I have a good wife and children, and a comfortable home. Yet I never

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in my life read a chapter from the Book nor had a prayer with them. Conductor, your talk has reached my heart. I am going home this very night to set up my family altar, and from this time on I will be a different man.'

"Out from that conductor's life had flowed a stream of power from God. Not the power of great scholarship, or eloquence, but the power of the Spirit of God pouring its stream through the life of the man who walked in this highway of God, the highway of a consecrated life. It is a highway in which all of us may walk. Shall we not enter therein?"

XXVI

UNDER THE PALM TREE

AN epoch-making experience in the life of a Philadelphia layman was related thus in the columns of *The Sunday School Times*:

“The beginning of it was when several of us who belonged to a local church became impressed with the idea that we had been put under orders of the King to do some personal evangelism. About ten of us had met together and talked and prayed over our new purpose. Then we adjourned for the week, and during the interval each was pledged to carry the Message to somebody.

“I was an instructor in the large university of that city, and my thoughts turned at once to a young man, an undergraduate with whom I was acquainted and who occasionally attended our church. He was a careless enough young fellow, but good-hearted, I believed, and withal evidently well bred. He came from a distant state, and was far from home and friends. I determined to see him at once and thus have my task done early in the week.

“Then I stumbled at the very threshold of my quest. My denomination had always insisted strongly on the definite leading of the Spirit in all religious work. Was I being led of God to speak to this young man, or had I hit upon him of my own choice just to

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fulfill the pledge to my comrades? Was I really under orders of the King?

"It was a big question to me, and it became bigger as the days passed. For when I did decide to see him, every obstacle seemed to be thrown in my path. Three times my appointments with him miscarried. Once he failed, once I failed, and once we both failed. Then I believed he suspected my purpose and avoided me. Surely, I thought, if it was God's purpose for me to see this young man he would open the way. But the way did not open.

"So the battle went on in my mind, but ever my final thought was that certainly God's hand would not restrain a bearer of his great message. Perhaps it was for me, like Arnold von Winkelried, to make a way where there was no way.

"Saturday afternoon came, and the next day our circle was to meet again for reports. I was getting desperate. I had finally come to the conclusion that I must act, come what might. There was no more time for appointments. So, donning my raincoat and taking an umbrella, I tramped out through the pouring rain to his boarding place. I was hardly surprised when I found the house full of people and no apparent opportunity for me to talk privately with my friend. But I dared brook no more delay, and I asked him as a personal favor to put on his coat and walk down the street with me.

"Then came our interview in the storm. Under the partial shelter of one umbrella I told him I dared wait no longer to ask him if he was a follower of Jesus Christ.

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“Quick as a flash he shot back an answer that I shall never forget: ‘No, I am not, but I can’t tell you how glad I am that you spoke to me about it.’ What a reply to a messenger who had feared he was not sent! Then we both forgot about wind and rain as he told me freely, eagerly, of his condition. He was far from home and loved ones, lonely for the circle of old friends, and in despair because he had just failed in his quarterly examination at the university. He had not felt free to confide in any of his new friends, and he had been wondering whether the God of heaven would really help him.

“The rest of my story tells itself. Every reader of these lines knows what the Father does when such a tired, wayworn prodigal turns about and faces homeward. The young man and I had a great revival meeting right in that spot. There was no altar and no minister, no organ and no gospel singers. The young man had never found the way to God before, and I knew little of how to lead him. But there in the storm, another tempest-tossed soul found the Pilot and entered into the peace that passeth knowledge.

“It was a double victory, too. For when the bearer of the message made his way homeward from his quest he knew beyond peradventure that he had been under orders of the King.”

XXVII

AT THE TOP OF THE STEEPLE

“**Y**ES, I want to come into the Church; have been wanting to come for fifteen years,” a woman said to the minister when he urged her to confess Christ at the next communion. “But, I’m waiting for Jim. You know he’s a good man, yet he doesn’t have much use for the Church, or—begging your pardon—for preachers. He tells me to go ahead, and stop waiting for him. Many a time I’ve made up my mind to do just that. Then, at the last minute, I think if I wait just a little while longer surely he’ll come with me. What would you do?”

The visitor told her the best thing she could do would be to become a church member without further delay, for she would have a better chance to influence her husband as a professed Christian than as an outsider. Before the call was concluded, she agreed that this was her best course.

As the minister left, he said, “Please remember me to Mr. B. when he comes home. Tell him I am sorry to have missed him, and that I hope to have a good talk with him soon.”

Many times the minister tried to get in touch with the husband; but always he missed him. Daily he prayed for him. A part of his petition was that he might get to him, and that he might say and do the

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right thing, so that husband and wife would be together in the Church.

Finally he met Mrs. B. once more. "Jim made me promise to tell you something for him," she said, much embarrassed. "He says if you want to see him so much, you will just have to go where he is."

"And where is that?" was the inquiry.

"Hadn't you better wait a few days before going to him? Then he'll be where the likes of you can get to him better. You see, to-day he's working on the last section of the steeple of the new church."

It was enough. The minister made up his mind he would find Jim that very afternoon. At the church—a magnificent building, with a lofty spire—he learned that his quarry was indeed at the top. "You can't get to him, though; nothing but ladders to climb on. Better let us call him down," the foreman suggested.

But the minister had been challenged to go where Jim was. So he climbed ladder after ladder until, nearly two hundred feet above the street, he found a much surprised man.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"They told me you were up here, and I wanted to ask you if you don't think it is time you became a Christian?"

Five minutes were spent in conversation. Then the minister climbed down the ladders, and went on his way seeking others for Christ.

The next Sunday Jim became a member of the Church, and was thereafter known as an earnest Christian man. His friends wondered a little at the

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change in his life, but the only explanation he would give was this:

“The preacher who’ll climb two hundred feet of ladders to call on me, can have me every time!”

SIX
WINNING UNLIKELY PEOPLE

XXVIII

HE WON THE WATCHMAN

AN experience that strengthened the purpose of a man to tell others of Christ was thus related by him, in the columns of *The Sunday School Times*:

“At a convention in Maryland, in the hotel late at night, I rang for a pitcher of ice water. The night watchman brought it to my room. He was an almost defective looking type of humanity, scarcely up to the average grade of intelligence.

“As he stepped into the room I thought it might be a good opportunity, and I said just a few words to him, asking him if he were a follower of Christ, and if not, whether he would not become so. The man said he could not do this, because in that hotel one of his duties was serving the bar, and he could not come to Christ while he was selling liquor.

“The next day I left the place. I could not get him out of my mind, however, and as I happened to know a minister in the town I asked him to look the man up. He wrote me later that he had had a talk with him, but apparently with no result.

“It was some months later that I saw a copy of a Sunday-school paper, published in that town, and, thinking the editor might be able to do something to help I wrote to him.

“A few weeks later I heard from the man I had

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written to, that he had looked the hotel man up and found that he had left his position and was in another business. He had had a talk with him and learned that he was then a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, seemingly very happy and doing good work.

“I was reproached by the incident for ever having thought that I had done my full duty in the first effort, or for having felt that this was perhaps a case where a man could not be won.”

XXIX

OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT

TWO college students sought a visitor who is noted for his success in dealing with young men, and told of their attempts to help one of their classmates and asked him if he could suggest anything.

"Bring him to me," the visitor said.

So, in a few minutes, three men entered the visitor's room. The two who had spoken to him were bright and earnest looking, but the man who followed them entered with hanging head and shuffling step. In response to the visitor's greeting, he raised his eyes just long enough to allow the keen judge of men to see the story of hatred written there.

"There's something on your mind," the visitor said, when the sullen man was seated near him. The words were spoken in the soft yet strong tone that was a factor in his successful approach to those with whom he worked. "Tell me about it."

"There's nothing on my mind," was the surly reply. "Who told you there was?"

"No one told me. But I'd be glad to have you tell me all about it."

"There's nothing wrong with me. There's something wrong with the fellows that brought me here. Better talk to them."

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"Yes, there is something wrong," came the firm, even, compelling reply.

"How do you know?" The student looked up in surprise at the insistence of the stranger.

"Because your eyes tell me so."

"Maybe you will let me know what they tell you, seeing you know so much."

"Very well. They tell me plainly that you want to send someone straight to hell, and that you are ready to go there after him."

The change in the student was startling. He gripped the arms of the chair. He leaned forward in great excitement.

"Some sneak has been telling you about me." He looked accusingly at the men who had brought him into the room.

"No one has told me but yourself. Don't you think you had better tell me all about it?"

There was a moment's hesitation, followed by a look of determination.

"Might as well," he said. Then, turning to his companions: "Fellows, you disappear."

When he was alone with the visiting friend of young men, he told his story.

"I live in the mountains. A year ago I was stabbed in the breast by a man I had thought my friend. They thought I couldn't live. I had two months of awful suffering before I began to get well. During those two months I forgot the pain while I thought of what I would do to the coward that put me on my back.

"When I got up I was weak. I knew I could not hope to kill him as I must do. It would have been

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easy to shoot him behind his back; but I wanted something better than that. He must taste the knife as he had made me taste it. Only there won't be any failure when I put the knife in him. It will go right to the hilt, and there won't be enough left of him to put to bed.

"But a fellow has to be strong to do a thing like that. I thought how I could get ready. The best chance seemed to come here. I haven't come to study—I'm here to get all I can from the gymnasium and the athletic team. In a few months I'm going back to the mountains. Then he can look out!"

As he finished his eyes were glittering with deadly hate.

The man to whom he told the story looked at him a moment without a word. Then he said:

"So you are planning to send a man to hell. Well, all I have to say is, you must love him a lot."

"Love him? I hate him!"

"Then why do you plan to spend such a long time in his company?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you send him to hell, you will go there after him. And you'll stay there with him for a long eternity. Yes, you must love him a lot, or you would not be so eager to be with him."

"I hadn't thought of that!" the student said, in surprise.

"Well, I have this much to say," the man went on, "There is a far better way to get your man than you have outlined."

"What is it?"

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The visitor took his Testament from his pocket, and turned to Matthew 5: 43. Pointing to the place, he said:

"Read this."

Curious, the student looked and read:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Amazed, the reader looked up. "That's no way for a man to do," he said, with a sneer.

"Read on," the man said, his finger indicating verse 45.

Obediently the student read:

"That you may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

At last the student showed interest. "What does that mean?" he asked, wonderingly.

"It means that God loves you who hate him just as much as he loves the president of this college. He wants to let his sun shine on you just as much as on the president; but you won't let him. You persist in staying down in your miserable, dark cellar, among the slimy creatures you choose for company, when you might come out into God's glorious sunshine and be glad."

The student looked at him in wonder. "I never thought of it that way," he said.

"Don't you think we'd better kneel here and ask

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God to show you how to get the better of your enemy in His way?"

All the fight had gone out of the student. He knelt at once with the man whose words he had resented only a few moments before.

The visitor pleaded for the opening of the student's eyes. He asked that God would teach him how to live in the sunlight, in company with the man he had sought to injure. He prayed for several minutes, and was about to ask the student if he would not pray, when there was an interruption.

"O Lord, I'll let him live!" were the unexpected words that closed the prayer. As he spoke, the student rose to his feet. His companion rose with him.

The student looked startled. There was a wondering look in his eyes.

"Something has happened," he said.

"Of course it has. Tell me about it."

"For the first time, I can't hate him. I find myself making excuses for him. He was drunk when he did it. I don't feel toward him as I did. What is the meaning of this?"

"It means that God has kept his promise, as he always does. He has taken away your stony heart and has given you a heart of flesh. The change was made when you said, 'I'll let him live.'"

"Then I'm a Christian?"

"Of course you are."

"What shall I do?"

"I'll leave the answer to that question to you."

The student's answer was plain before the day was done. He went among his companions and told them

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of the change in his life. He pleaded with others to come out into God's sunshine. During the remainder of the stay in that college of the friend of young men whose searching words had been used to bring him to a true view of life, no one did as much as he to persuade his fellows to begin the Christian life or to go for conference to the room where he had seen his real self in the looking glass of the Word and had gone out a transformed man.

XXX

GETTING CLOSE TO OTHERS

THESE is always a way to the heart of a man one is determined to win for Jesus Christ, and it is worth while to take any necessary trouble to find that way. This was the lesson taught by Paul, who became "all things to all men" that he might "by all means save some." To the weak he became weak, that he might gain the weak; to the Jew he became as a Jew, that he might gain Jews. Frank Higgins made his quarters in the lumber camps because he wanted to win the lumberjacks. Doctor Grenfell lives among the Labrador fishermen, enduring the hardships such as they know, for he wishes to understand their life and reach them for Christ.

When Henry B. Whipple, later Bishop Whipple, was beginning his work in Chicago, he asked the chief engineer of the Galena Railroad as to the best way to reach the railroad men in his parish. "How much do you know about a steam engine?" he was asked. "Nothing? Then read Lardner's *Railway Economy* until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool."

The sequel is told in the words of the eager fisher of men:

"I followed his advice, and in due season went to the roundhouse, where I found a number of men

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studying a locomotive. Observing that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, I asked at a venture, 'Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?' This was followed by questions about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in less than half an hour I was taught far more than I had learned from my book. On leaving, I said: 'Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you. And if at any time you have an accident, and need me, I will gladly go to you.' The following Sunday every man was in church. This was before the day of air-brakes, and accidents were frequent. Whenever I heard of one, I immediately went to the sufferer and very soon I found that superintendents and station-masters were expressing their approval of 'that sort of religion,' and many of the officials became members of my congregation."

One of the reasons for the striking success of some adult Bible classes in reaching men outside the Church is readiness like this on the part of the members to get on even terms with those whom they seek. And one thing many workers are learning by experience is the folly of pretending to have a knowledge which is not one's own, when trying to come in touch with men. "I haven't any use for that person," an engineer called to his fireman when a well-meaning but blundering minister had left his side. "The man said he saw I was 'oiling up my steed,' so he came over to speak to me. 'Oiling up,' indeed! He'd better learn that the proper lingo is 'oil 'round.'"

Possibly that railroad man was unfair in judging

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his visitor by this very natural mistake. At any rate the incident was a warning to another Christian worker who learned of it, not to spare any pains necessary to get on proper terms of intimacy with his quarry.

XXXI

TEN MINUTES WITH A CORRUPT MAYOR

A YOUNG pastor had just taken charge of a church in a city of twenty-five thousand population. He was eager for the work, but he was amazed when some of the leaders in the church told him they felt it was his duty to attack the city government in his sermons or otherwise.

"The Mayor is a disgrace to the city, his department chiefs are like himself, and the members of the council are followers in evil. The city is famous for the corruption in high places. You must do something."

However, the young pastor declined to move until he had become better acquainted with the situation. He wished to make no mistake.

The time came when he felt he must act. But he did not preach a sermon directed at the Mayor and his associates, nor did he rush into print. After prayer for guidance, he called the Mayor on the telephone and asked for an appointment.

"I want ten minutes of your time," he said.

Next morning the minister was shown into the office of the Mayor, who looked him over with some curiosity. Evidently he wondered what could be the errand of his visitor.

"Pardon me if I look at my watch," the minister

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said. "I must keep to my promise to leave the office in ten minutes."

Then, after a few moments of general conversation, he stated his errand: "I want to congratulate you on the honor and responsibility that were laid on you when you were chosen Mayor of this city. But I want to tell you that there is a greater honor waiting for you—something far bigger than the office of Mayor of a city like this."

The heart of the Mayor bounded. He thought of possible political preferment; he had dreamed of this. Could this stranger be the emissary of some powerful politician?

Curiously he listened to the next words of the visitor: "You ought to be a servant of Jesus Christ."

In astonishment the official replied: "No one ever spoke to me like this before."

The pastor rose, looked at his watch, and held out his hand. "I must go," he said; "time is up."

Next day there was a call at the minister's telephone; the Mayor asked for him. "Won't you come and talk to me?" he asked, his voice giving evidence of his agitation. "I have thought of what you said to me ever since you left. I must see you!"

Two weeks later the Mayor united with the church of which the minister was pastor. But the work did not stop there. The chief of police, the head of the fire department, and five aldermen confessed Christ and became church members.

Then the government of the city was cleaned up. The work the officers of his new charge had demanded of the young minister had been done.

XXXII

THE SALOON KEEPER WHO SNEERED

A YOUNG minister who was looking for an opportunity to speak for Christ where he was especially needed was walking on one of the streets of an Illinois city when he saw a closed church building. The neglected appearance of the property made it evident that the building had been closed for some time.

On inquiry, he learned that services had been held there for some years. His informant explained: "There is no need of the church. The town has one strong organization of the denomination, and we have decided that the doors might just as well remain closed."

But the young minister thought differently. A careful study of the town convinced him that the closed church should be opened for the benefit of residents in the neighborhood who had few church privileges because they could not always take the long walk to the nearest open church.

"May I hold services in the building?" the young man anxious for service asked of one who seemed to have the best right to say what should be done with the property.

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"I don't care," was the reply. "If you want to be so foolish, it isn't my affair, I'm sure."

So the young minister set to work to make the exterior of the church less unattractive. His activity attracted the attention of many in the neighborhood who made up their minds to attend when the doors were opened.

One morning the minister, who had appointed himself sexton, was sweeping the sidewalk in front of the church, when a burly man paused to ask:

"What are you doing? Surely you're not going to open that church?"

"Just what I am going to do."

"Well, we have enough churches in this town. Better keep the doors closed."

"I believe this church is needed," the minister replied.

"Who needs it?" This time the question was accompanied by an oath.

The minister looked directly into the eyes of the man, who he knew was the keeper of a saloon. He might have told himself it was useless to say anything further to the profane man. Probably many Christians would have been silent under similar circumstances. But the minister was made of different stuff; he was looking for just such an opening as now presented itself to him. So he said:

"You need it!"

The sneering questioner was walking on. But at this unexpected word he turned sharply, prepared to resent what he thought might be intended as a slur. One look at the earnest, kindly face of the speaker

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showed him that the message was prompted by a kind heart. So the feeling of resentment died at once.

Without a word he walked on.

He was surprised to find that he could not dismiss from his mind the minister and his remark. Day after day the message, "You need it," persisted.

So when he saw the minister on the street car he welcomed his approach, and showed that he was ready to talk about the little church in which a small congregation had been gathered. This was the first of many conversations.

Finally the saloon keeper closed his place of business and asked if he might confess Jesus Christ as his Master in the building, once so dilapidated, then the center of earnest work.

From the day of his public confession, the man who had been won in consequence of those first searching words of the young minister was the mainstay of what became a church that abundantly justified its right to life. And when, after some years, God called him from earth, his death was triumphant.

XXXIII

AN EXCHANGE OF TICKETS

THERE passed away in a large Western city not long ago a plain woman, a semi-invalid, who was known only to a small circle of friends few of whom have heard of this incident in a life which was filled with quiet service for others.

Once, when she was a member of the Board of Directors of the Florence Crittenden Home for Girls, it was necessary to send one of the girls back to relatives in a large Eastern city. The girl, Clara, was seventeen and was far from being a promising subject: she was sullen, defiant, and apparently hardened against any softening influence.

Just at this time the member of the board was going to the same city, and she volunteered to look after the young girl on the journey.

A railway ticket for Clara was secured through the United Charities Association, and the long trip was begun. The older traveler secured for her companion a Pullman berth adjoining her own. Then, before the conductor appeared, she asked to see Clara's ticket. The girl reddened and sullenly produced her transportation, which was stamped in large letters, "CHARITY." Her companion placed it in her hand-bag and drew out her own ticket, which she gave to the girl.

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"Give the conductor this ticket, Clara; I'll use your ticket," she said, simply.

So the older woman rode through to her destination on the ticket stamped "Charity."

But something wonderful happened at the instant the tickets were exchanged. The icy barrier in Clara's heart gave way and a warm flood of repentance swept over her, for she realized that there, next to her, was one who loved her. For a moment the girl looked unbelievably into the face of her friend; then she turned and looked from the car window. But she saw nothing; her eyes were filled with tears.

In later years Clara, who was then serving as head matron in a large Eastern hospital, told a friend of that day on the train. She said: "I knew Mrs. M. in the home for many months. She treated all of us girls as if she expected us to do the right thing. But I never felt repentant or that I could hold up my head again, until she took my ticket stamped 'Charity' and gave me her own in its place. I don't know what happened then, but when I looked into her face I knew that she must love even me and that she believed in the girl I could be. I thought for a few moments my heart would burst right then and there, and I made up my mind that I could and would live right."

XXXIV

THE COWBOY'S RESPONSE

“ONE of my most remarkable experiences was in a new frontier village to which a railroad had just come.” Thus an Idaho Sunday-school missionary began a tale of the results of individual work.

“Thousands of cattle roamed over the plains about the village. On my first visit I found three saloons, two general stores, a blacksmith shop, a drug store, and a few stores in tents. There were a few houses, but many families lived in tents. Then there was a small school building, for school purposes; but no Sunday school, and no church services had been held in the town.

“On my arrival, I invited the people to a series of meetings at the schoolhouse. There were not many Christian families, but they all promised to attend.

“One of the few Christian men spoke to me discouragingly of the prospects; he assured me that there was little hope of persuading the irreligious people to come with us.

“Early one morning, while I was in the town, this business man went to the depot to inquire about some freight. He saw two young men, both cowboys, sitting on the depot steps. At first he was tempted to pass them by; it was evident that both had spent the night in the saloon. Then he remembered the meet-

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ings, and decided that he could not lose the opportunity to say a word that might be helpful to the men.

“ ‘Do you expect to be in town to-night?’ he asked.

“ ‘We came in yesterday from the ranch; we may go back to-day, and we may stay longer,’ one of the men replied.

“ ‘Well, boys,’ said the business man, ‘if you are in town to-night, come up to the schoolhouse. We are having gospel services there every night, the first we ever had in this part of the country. We want you.’

“ The cowboys said they could not come; they had no fit clothing. Anyhow, if they were in town, they would be in the saloon.

“ The Christian business man, thus rebuffed, left them. But he could not forget the cowboys. All day they were in his thoughts.

“ ‘If only I could get them to church!’ he thought.

“ Just before service that evening he decided to make one more effort. Going the round of the saloons, he succeeded in finding his acquaintances of the morning.

“ ‘Well, boys, I have come after you, and I want you to come with me to the service,’ he said.

“ Their renewed excuses were soon silenced. Pausing only to leave their cartridge belts and their guns behind the bar, they left the saloon with the stranger.

“ I shall never forget the sight when the cowboys came into church, guided by the business man,” the missionary said. “Every eye was on them as they took a seat on one of the wooden benches in the rear of the room.

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"As I preached that night I prayed. One of the cowboys was restless at first, but soon after I began to speak he turned his eyes on me and never looked away till I was through. At the close of my address I saw that he was greatly agitated. When I gave the invitation to stand to all who desired to take Christ as their Saviour, he rose among the first.

"But he did not stand in his place, as others did. He walked up the aisle to the platform and asked if he might speak to the people.

"At once it was evident that he was an educated man. He told of his boyhood home; he was the child of well-to-do parents in New England. He had graduated with high honors from a large Eastern college. His parents had hoped he would enter the ministry.

"'But,' he said, 'my heart turned away from the life they set before me, and soon after my graduation I ran away from home and came out to this Western country. For years I have ridden the range. I have gone to the depths of sin. For five years I have not written to my mother; she doesn't know that I am alive.'

"Then he fell on his knees and asked God to forgive him. When he rose, he grasped the hand of the business man, who had knelt with him, and said:

"'God bless you for bringing me here.'

"'Come home with me to-night,' the man said. 'We want you for our guest.'

"'No, thank you,' the young man replied. 'No sleep for me until I know if mother is alive.'

"So he went to the little station, and this message flashed over the wires to the old home:

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“ ‘Your lost boy is found and saved. Answer quickly.
CHARLEY.’

“ All night he walked the floor of the station, waiting for the answer. It did not come till five o'clock next morning. Then with joy he read the words:

“ ‘Thank God our boy still lives. Come home at once.
FATHER. MOTHER.’

“ But he felt he could not go until he had done a little to show his joy. He wanted to bring some of his associates to the Master who had come into his life.

“ That evening he was at the service. With him were two young men, companions whom he had helped drag down into sin.

“ Before the close of the service he told what God had done for him. Then he prayed with his two companions, who were on their knees at the altar. That night three Christian cowboys walked out of the church service—and the conversion of all three was due to personal work.

“ Next day the call of the New England parents was answered. The boy started for home.

“ Not long after his arrival he began to study for the ministry. Already he has been God's instrument in leading many to Christ.”

SEVEN
THE WORD IN SEASON



MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF

REV. C. W. STEPHENSON has told this story of something that occurred in Detroit a few years ago, as related to him by one of the men who had a part in it:

“There were two gentlemen engaged in the shoe business. Their stores were not far apart; their business and social relations were cordial and intimate. Mr. B. was an earnest, modest, exemplary Christian man, widely read and highly respected. His friend, Mr. C., was a man who stood well in the business world, moral, honest, courteous, but an avowed infidel.

“One evening Mr. B. and his wife had visited at C.’s, and the conversation had turned upon business, politics, municipal affairs, books, travel, pictures, and current topics. It had been a pleasant and enjoyable evening, apparently, for all. But on the way home Mr. B. had a train of serious meditation. He said to himself: ‘What is it that makes me afraid of C.? He is honest, kind, broad minded; and yet I’m afraid of him. I dare not speak to him of things that concern me most, that concern him most. I do not understand myself. It seems as if I had been untrue to him, my friend, untrue to myself, and untrue to the Best Friend. I am ashamed, and will make

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amends at the first opportunity.' Then the suggestion came: 'Why not look for the opportunity?'

"He slept little that night. The following day was dark and rainy, and there was little to do in the store. He decided to call on Mr. C. and have a serious talk with him if the way opened. He found C. in his office alone. At first there was an uneasy hesitating, and an uncertain drift in finding an opening. But courage came, and he finally began: 'C., I have known you twenty years; you have known me that long. We have been fast friends. I think you will permit me to speak to you upon a most important subject; one that concerns us both. Will you?'

"'Certainly, certainly, B., go ahead. Why should you ask such a question?'

"'Well, it is this. I am a Christian; that is, I try to follow One who is very real in my life, filling me with hope and comfort. I am sure you do not know my Best Friend, C. You are not a Christian, and I want to ask you why you are not. You have so many admirable qualities; you just lack this one thing.'

"B. had grown very serious, spoke scarcely above a whisper, and looked straight into C.'s face. That face had grown hard and displeased. And then came the answer: 'So you are worried about me? Do you think I'm a child? Have I not thought of these things? B., you may talk to me about anything else on this earth, and I will listen to you, but I will not hear you on this question of religion; and, I will say plainly, I'd thank you to mind your own business!'

"B. was hurt, very much hurt. But he made no reply, except to say, 'I'm sorry to offend you, C., and

MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF

I will not do so again.' As he walked slowly back to his place of business he kept repeating to himself, 'I've made a fool of myself, I've made a fool of myself. But I tried to do right; I cannot understand it.' He realized that he had offended an old friend, and he was discouraged and heavy-hearted.

"Weeks passed, and the men did not meet. Later, when they were thrown together, they did not feel as they formerly had. But when almost a year had passed, B. one day received the following note: 'Dear B., I am not feeling well. Will you call at my home? I wish to talk with you. C.'

"B. went, and found his friend far from well. They sat and talked over old times and other days. Finally C. said, 'B., I owe you an apology. I must acknowledge it. You are the only man in this world who ever had the moral courage to speak to me upon my highest interests. I was mad at you for it, and insulted you. We have not been the same since then; but I have thought much, very much, since then. I am sorry, very sorry, for what I said, and I want you to forgive me. Will you?'

"B. could but silently take the hand that was extended, and for a moment there was silence, sacred and full of meaning. Then C. whispered, 'Won't you pray for me, B.? I can't pray, I never learned how. You must be my minister to lead me to your Best Friend, and I trust, too, my Best Friend.'

"There was a short, broken, tender prayer. The men were made friends again. Some time after that C. passed to his rest; at the last he said to B., who stood by his side, 'B., it's all right. You have led me

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to see the light that otherwise I might not have known. It's all right, it's all right.'

"And his friend, in telling the story to the writer, said, 'I guess sometimes it is necessary that we become fools for His sake. I have learned that bread cast on the waters returns after many days.'"

XXXVI

A TEACHER'S EFFECTIVE SERVICE

IN the story of the life of Ella Gilbert Ives, published after her death, this earnest teacher, who was remarkable for her hand-to-hand work with girls, told briefly two incidents that show why parents liked to have their daughters come under her rare influence.

"Among my girls," she wrote once, "was one who interested me by her ignorance of the Bible, although, as I soon found out, her spiritual part was by far the largest part of her area. It was like cultivating rich but fallow soil, to sow the seeds of divine truth in that nature; and it quickly responded. At my request Lucile read the Gospel of John and prayed for an understanding heart. We had long talks together, and I had the great joy of acquainting her with Christ."

Again Miss Ives told of a girl whose reticent nature might never have opened to her gaze even for a passing glimpse, but for a providence. "The churches in our neighborhood were holding revival services at eight o'clock in the morning," she wrote. "One bitter day I dropped into the union meeting and, to my surprise, saw my aristocratic pupil there. Her sleigh was at the door and she invited me to drive with her to school. On the way I said, 'You must be a Christian to be here this cold morning.' 'No,' she said, 'I am not.' 'Ah, then, you must desire to be one,' I

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ventured, 'let me help you find the way.' 'No one has ever offered to before,' she said, 'perhaps because it has been taken for granted that I know.' The outcome is summed up in the letter written several years later: 'The little spark of faith that you fanned into a flame has spread, and now illumines a much broader world than the one I knew before you came to my assistance on that winter morning. I owe the greatest happiness of my life to you as God's agent. As long as I live I shall pray for your health and happiness.'"

Miss Ives herself traced the beginning of her Christian life to a teacher who cared for her soul. "Yet I have but one proof of this," she wrote, "a card with a Scripture verse, a poem, and the question, 'Are you a Christian?' It had never been put to me before, and an impenetrable shyness now veiled my heart and made it impossible for me to answer. But I never forgot it or the sweet woman who reached out her hand for Christ's little ones. That dear hand has long since returned to dust, but its alluring touch lingered and was one of the magnetic forces that impelled my heart Godward."

XXXVII

WHY WAS HE SILENT SO LONG?

TO a friend a business man told this story of how he was led to Christ:

“For a good many years I was kept from confessing Christ and taking my place in the Church, by what seemed to me the wholly unpardonable indifference of my Christian friends and acquaintances about my spiritual welfare. To some that may seem like a mere pretext; but it certainly was not to me, for I was an orphan lad, with no relatives living near me, and I often felt greatly grieved at the apparent neglect. That feeling was relieved somewhat, however, by the fact that I was sought after for other things, frequently invited to neighborhood gatherings, solicited to join literary and debating societies, and asked to become a member of a secret order which had a chapter in the town.

“The inference I drew was that Christians—the Christians I knew, at all events—did not sincerely believe what they professed, as to the vital importance of religion. My employer was an elder in the Church, and often conversed with me about myself, about my success in life, and the things to be done and avoided in the making of a sound business man; but he never introduced the subject of personal religion, as I thought he would have done had he been thoroughly

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convinced that it was more important than honesty and punctuality and accuracy in figures and caution in handling money. I fear this might have gone on to the length of practical skepticism, but for a fortunate occurrence.

“ My employer had a serious attack of typhoid fever one autumn, and I sat up with him two nights when the disease was at its worst. He was delirious but, somehow, he seemed to know who I was and talked to me very earnestly and tenderly about Christ and his love, and about the help and inspiration and comfort the Saviour had brought into his life.

“ ‘ You’ll never make a wiser choice, John, than to take him for the Man of your counsel and the Guide of your way,’ he said, persuasively. ‘ I don’t think a day has ever passed, my boy, since you came to the store, but I’ve prayed God to let your eyes see the light and to lead your feet toward it. And it will come in God’s good time, too, John. I feel sure of that.’

“ He said a great deal more than that, showing me plainly that all those years he had been watching my career, and was really concerned for me in that wherein I had counted him indifferent. Once, when I stepped out into the hall for a breath of fresh air, I overheard him praying fervently, and, though I could not follow the words, I caught my own name two or three times and knew by that that he was bringing my case to the Throne of Grace, as he said he had done so many times in the past.

“ When he was himself again, he was as reticent as ever in those matters of which he had spoken so freely in the delirium of fever; but that unconscious

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disclosure of his heart was not lost upon me. I could not explain his silence—or justify it either—but I knew it was not due to lack of interest. I reasoned that it might be the same with others of my friends, and I decided that, in any case, my own duty was plain. I resolved, too, from the day I became a Christian, to speak a word for Christ to the people with whom I felt free to converse on other personal topics, and, though I have sometimes spoken unwisely, or at the wrong time, I believe that I have not failed altogether. If a man has a sincere desire to see his friends come under the helpful, bettering influence of Christ it is simple honesty to let them know that he cares.”

XXXVIII

AT CHRIST'S BIDDING

INTO a Turkish bath establishment one dreary, rainy night came a forlorn woman, who felt that she might as well end her life. She was the daughter of refined, wealthy parents, and had been carefully brought up; but she had fallen into bad habits, had left home in spite of the efforts of her mother to reclaim her and had finally sunk to the lowest depths of degradation.

The attendant who took her in hand, reading the despair plainly written in the face of her charge, made a sympathetic remark which led the sinning woman to open her heart. The attendant listened to the end, then said simply, "Do you know what you need? You need God!" The woman stared, then broke down. A long conversation followed, then other conversations at later meetings, until before long the daughter returned to her mother once more, rejoicing the mother's heart by telling her that she had found him who alone can give strength to conquer sin.

But what if the bath attendant had yielded to the thought, "I had better keep still. What right have I to say anything about God to any of my customers?"

Many are restrained from speaking a word for the Master by just such flimsy excuses. They need to remind themselves that God has promised to honor the

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efforts of those who work at his bidding, as he honored the message of the father of a United States Senator, who died several years ago in Washington. This is the story of the message, and its fruit, as told by one who knew the circumstances, in "Heroes and Hero Worship":

"One evening, a few weeks before he died, he came home from a church dedication. Just as he entered the house, venerable in his eighty years, and very deeply moved by the religious service in which he had taken part, whom should he meet in the hall, coming out, but the Italian ambassador, who had come on business to see the senator.

"The senator introduced his aged father, and the Italian gentleman greeted him with all the charming politeness of the Latin race. Like a flash coming out of the sky, and in stentorian tones, the old man said, 'Are you a Christian?' The ambassador, though taken back, did not forget his politeness, and quickly said, 'I am a Catholic.'

"The old man put his hand on his shoulder and, looking into his eyes, said, 'That is all right, my brother; I do not care whether you are Catholic or Protestant. I want to know if you are a Christian. How is it with your soul?'

"The next day the old minister was taken with his last illness. Every day the Italian ambassador called at the house with flowers, and to make personal inquiries for the sick man. When he was dead, the ambassador came to the house and asked permission with some members of the family to enter the death chamber. Kneeling there by the cold form he kissed the

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icy hand, and laying a wreath upon his brow went sobbing away like a child, and said, 'That was the first time in my life that any man ever asked me a question about my soul.' "

An incident that should lead the Christian who has not been in the habit of speaking to others of their salvation to determine to be vigilant in watching for opportunities and careful in using them, is told in Henry Drummond's autobiography. There was a medical student in Edinburgh whom Drummond had sought to influence. He was a scoffer and an agnostic, and Drummond could do nothing with him. On seeing the man later, in company with another student, and desiring to learn more about him, Drummond asked the other student, "Are you his friend?" "No," was the answer, "I came from America for a year of post graduate work. In the laboratory I was put by the side of this man. I liked him, and tried to win him for Christ. It was of no use. The end of the year came; I had my trunk packed ready to return home. Then came the question, 'Which would be better, a year getting started in my profession in America, or another year spent here to win this man?' I decided to stay." "Then you'll win him," said Drummond. Some months later he saw the two together in church, and they were drinking from the same communion cup. The American had won his man.

This is the conclusion of the story, in Drummond's own words: "A week after, the student was back in his own country. I do not know his name; he made no impression in our country; nobody knew him. He

was a subject of Christ's kingdom, doing his work in silence and humility. . . . A few weeks passed, and the man for whom he spent a year in Edinburgh came to see me. He said, 'I want to tell you I am going to be a medical missionary.' This was the reward of one earnest man who was full of faith; he had his desire."

Christ sends forth his people—as the servant in the parable was sent—to bid men to come to the King's great supper. It is at their peril that they disobey this command. S. D. Gordon says in "Quiet Talks on Power": "Hugh Beaver felt impelled at Northfield, in 1897, to tell this bit of his inner experience, though naturally reluctant to do so. While at college, arrangements were made for a series of meetings. 'One day, going down the hallway of the college building,' he said, 'I met a boy we all call Dutchy; one of the toughest fellows in the school. I said to him, "Dutch, come to the meeting to-night."' Instead of laughing or swearing, to Beaver's surprise, he paused a moment as though such a thing was possible, and said, 'Well, I guess I will.' And that night, to everyone's surprise, Dutch came to the meeting. When Beaver rose to speak, this fellow was not simply intensely interested, but his eyes were filled with tears. And Beaver said, 'A voice as distinct as an audible voice said to me, "Speak to Dutchy," but I did not.' Again, the next night, Dutchy came of his own accord, and one of the boys, putting his arm on Beaver's shoulder, said 'Speak to Dutchy.' And he said he would, but he did not. And some time after he had a dream, and thought he would not walk this earth any

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more. It did not trouble him, except that his brother was crying. But he thought that he met his Master, who looked into his face, and said, 'Hugh, do you remember I asked you to speak to Dutchy?' 'Yes.' 'And you did not?' 'No.' 'Would you like to go back to earth to win him?' And he finished the story by saying, 'It's hard work, but he's coming now.'"

Can we say of anyone, "He's coming to Christ now?" If not, is it not high time to begin the work of inviting him to come to the Lord?

XXXIX

AMONG BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

IT was said of Robert Carter, long a publisher in York City, that wherever he went "he preached, sometimes audibly, but always by his life."

In the story of his life, now out of print, a friend is quoted thus:

"A Western publisher said to me one day, 'I don't profess to be a Christian myself, and I don't believe much in many of those who do; but I know one thing, if there is a consistent man in the publishing trade, Robert Carter is that man.' 'He has been talking to you about religion?' 'No, he never said a word to me directly about religion in all my intercourse with him; but the atmosphere in which he moved was so pure and holy, I could not help looking to see if there was not a halo around his face. His business intercourse with his customers impressed them with his integrity and conscientiousness, and they implicitly trusted his every word. Robert Carter is a true, honest, good man; there is no cant, no deception nor trickery about him.'"

Of one of his many experiences in winning others to Christ, Mr. Carter told this story:

"Among the booksellers with whom I had dealings in my early years, there was one from whom I purchased much of the material which I wanted. When

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I entered his store, he usually came to me, and we had a pleasant chat. He was kind and friendly, but his views were in some regards so different from mine that I often wondered why he was so ready to talk with me. One day when I called, his son said to me, 'My father is very sick; I wish you could see him.' He had been taken ill in the country at the house of his daughter, and I thought I could not go to him. A little later, I was informed that he had returned home rather better, and would like to see me. I immediately went to his house, and found him much better than I feared. He received me very cordially, told me he had retired from business, had made his will, and was now free from earthly cares. I expressed my satisfaction at this, and hoped he might have a peaceful old age after a very active life. 'But,' said I, 'will you allow me to ask you a question?' 'Yes, sir, a thousand if you like.' 'Then,' said I, 'ever since I knew you, you were laying plans for future work. I would like to know what arrangements you have made for that eternal world to which we are all hastening.' 'None at all,' said he. 'Is this wise? Can you leave the vast concerns of eternity unsettled?' 'No, sir,' said he, 'it is madness.' 'Then,' said I, 'there is yet time. He is able to save to the uttermost. The voice is still heard, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We had a very tender interview.

"When I left him, his wife accompanied me to the door, and said, 'I never saw my husband so melted before.' The next day his daughter came to my store in his carriage, and asked me to ride with her to see

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her father. 'He has been ill at ease since you left him.'

"I found him in great distress. 'What can I do?' he asked, 'I have received blessing after blessing, and I never thanked God for them. Is there yet hope for me?' I could only point him to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I dwelt especially on the word *now*. 'Yes,' said he, 'if that applies to any, it does to me. I cannot be long here.' 'This moment let us ask and he will hear,' I said. With many tears, we asked—Oh, how earnestly!—for pardon, for a broken heart, for a right spirit, for peace with God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Day after day I visited him for several months, and what a marvelous change came over him. His loathing of sin, his distrust of himself, and his new born faith in the atonement, were most marked. He had attended church during a long life, but he said his mind was elsewhere.

"My language to him was almost entirely in the words of Scripture. The Holy Spirit makes the Word quick and powerful for the conviction and conversion of sinners."

XL

WHY HE LAUGHED

“SOME years ago I was engaged in a Bible meeting in Guelph, Canada,” a minister said to one who asked him to tell of the most remarkable instance of personal work in his experience.

“In the house in which I was boarding all were Christians but one, a young Scotchman, one of the brightest fellows in the city, who was amiable and much sought after. Everyone thought of him as a good young man.

“‘But he is not a Christian,’ said one of the young women who lived at the boarding house. ‘I am greatly concerned about him. I wish you could persuade him to attend the meetings.’

“I promised to do what I could. So that morning I went to the store where he was employed.

“‘Won’t you come to the meeting at the church to-night?’ I asked him.

“‘Can’t do it,’ he answered. ‘I have an engagement to go to a dance.’

“That was the end of our talk for that time. But as I went out of the store I had a conviction that I was going to get him, and that very day.

“In the afternoon I went to the store again. He was busy, however, and I had to go away without seeing him.

WHY HE LAUGHED

“ ‘ I’ll see him at supper time,’ I thought, and began to plan what I would say to him then.

“ I was disappointed when I entered the dining room to learn that he had eaten at an unusually early hour, and had gone.

“ Still I had the conviction that the Scotchman would become a Christian before the day was over.

“ That evening the meeting at the church continued until a late hour. It was nearly midnight when I was able to start home. While on the way I met the young Scotchman, who was going home from the dance!

“ ‘ Shall we walk together?’ I asked.

“ ‘ Surely,’ he responded.

“ On the street I said nothing of the subject uppermost in my mind. For some reason it seemed best to wait. When we entered the house it looked as if my chance was gone; yet I still had the conviction that before I said good-night to him he would be a Christian.

“ He followed me to my room. I wasted no more time, but talked to him of his duty and privilege to yield to Christ. As I talked I quoted to him a number of verses. Some of these seemed to make no impression on him. One, however, impressed him profoundly—John 6 : 47, ‘ Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth hath eternal life.’

“ ‘ That is not in the Bible,’ he said, surprised.

“ When I insisted that it was there, he asked to see the words.

“ He took the Book from my hands, read the words, then threw himself back on the bed on which he was sitting and laughed heartily.

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“Offended, I rebuked him. I told him he was making light of sacred things, and I urged that if he did not care about sacred things he should at least remember that others were asleep.

“At once his laughter ceased; but the explanation of his mirth was a surprise to me.

“‘Why, I am a Christian,’ he said, ‘and I didn’t know it. I believe in Christ. Yes, I am a Christian.’

“Then he rose and went to his own room.

“I own I was exceedingly doubtful about that conversion. I had never known one like it.

“But I was rebuked for my doubt. Next morning when he came to breakfast he would not sit down till the entire household was in the room. Then he spoke, clearly and firmly.

“‘Friends, I want to tell you that I have become a Christian, and I want to acknowledge it.’

“From that day he lived a consistent, faithful, useful Christian life.

“But I have never forgotten what a shock his laughter was to me. He was not given to levity. He afterward explained to me that he laughed for pure joy; like a flash it had come over him that he was a Christian, because he believed in Christ.”

XLI

WINNING A FATHER

IN his "Recollections of a Long Life," Theodore L. Cuyler gave this testimony to the value of individual work for souls:

"In my pastoral rounds I sometimes had an opportunity to do more execution in a single talk than in a score of sermons. I once spent an evening in a vain endeavor to bring a man to a decision for Christ. Before I left, he took me upstairs to the nursery and showed me his beautiful children in their cribs. I said to him tenderly, 'Do you mean that these sweet children shall never have any help from their father to get to heaven.' He was deeply moved, and in a month that man became an active member of my church. He was glued to me in affection for all the remainder of his useful life. On a cold winter evening I made a call on a wealthy merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, I said, 'What an awful night for the poor!' He went back, and bringing to me a roll of bank bills, he said, 'Please hand these, for me, to the poorest people you know of.' After a few days I wrote to him, sending him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added: 'How is it that a man who is so kind to his fellow creatures has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse him his heart?' That sen-

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tence touched him to the core. He sent for me immediately to come and converse with him. He speedily gave his heart to Christ, united with and became a most useful member of our church. But he told me I was the first person who had ever spoken to him about his spiritual welfare in nearly twenty years. In the case of this eminently effective and influential Christian, one hour of pastoral work did more than the pulpit efforts of almost a lifetime."

XLII

ON THE STAGE COACH

IN "The Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," Bishop Henry Benjamin Whipple, who died in 1901, after more than forty years' service as Bishop of the Diocese of Minnesota, wrote that he once received a letter from a clergyman in North Carolina, saying:

"I suppose that Bishops, like other people, do not always see the fruit of seed dropped by the wayside. I have in my parish one of the best laymen I have ever known. The other day I asked him where he had received his training, and he replied:

" 'It is a simple story. I was an officer in the United States Army. Upon one occasion I was going from Fort Ripley to St. Paul and just at evening a stranger got into the coach at Anoka. We were the only passengers. Suddenly the driver ran over a stone with such force that we were thrown against the top of the coach, at which I was so angry that I cursed him. No remark was made by my fellow passenger for some time, but suddenly he turned to me and said earnestly, 'If you knew how much your Father in heaven loves you, you could not use his name in curses.' I made no answer and nothing more was said. We reached St. Paul, where I put up at the American Hotel. Several times that night I asked myself, 'Have I a Father

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in heaven? ” In spite of myself the question kept coming to me. The next morning was Sunday, and I asked the landlord the way to the nearest church and was told that there was a small Episcopal church hard by on Cedar Street. I went there and found my fellow traveler in the chancel. He was the Bishop of Minnesota. He preached upon the love of Christ, and before the sermon was ended I settled the question that, God being my helper, I would live as a Christian man. After the war ended I settled in North Carolina. I called upon the bishop of the diocese and told him that it was a bishop who had led me to the Saviour, and that I wanted him to instruct me that I might become a communicant! ’ ”

XLIII

GETTING A STARTING POINT'

ONE day there came to the parson's study a man whom he had known in the hunting field and in the home. He took his seat, and plunged right into his story:

"Parson, I want your help. The ties that bind me to home must soon be severed. Only one is left, and she is near the end of life. I have been wondering what will then become of me. I have tried it all—dissipation until it palled; adventure until I became almost as wild as the things I hunted. The things with which men try to kill the restlessness are stale. I have fought with beasts and men, and learned to master both. Desire seems dead in me, save the maddening itch to be forever on the move. The Wanderlust is all that is left. I have no goal and seek nothing."

"No chart, no haven, and no pilot?" said the parson. "The end seems pretty well assured. It's either a wreck or a derelict."

"That's just the way I figured it out," he replied. "You have used the very word—'a derelict.' There is enough of manhood left in me to hate the thought. That is why I came to you. I have been watching you

'Told in "In the Service of the King," by Joseph B. Dunn.

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for years, and you seem to know what you are headed for; so I came for a chart."

"Well," replied the parson, "you know what I am—a minister of Christ."

"Oh, cut out that sort of talk," he broke in. "Don't ask me if I believe in Christ. The question has no meaning to me. If you produce the evidence and prove your case, I will assent. It's to me only a historical question, and I believe in Julius Cæsar on the same grounds. Please do not try any conjure words on me. Except for a funeral service I haven't been in a church for twenty years, and the whole business is absolutely meaningless to me."

"I hardly know where to begin," said the parson, "If you don't believe in anything, there doesn't seem to be a starting point."

"But I do believe in something," answered the man. "I believe in you—that's why I'm here."

These unexpected words haunted the parson for many a day. That night he awoke trembling, with the words still ringing in his ears: "I do believe in something—I believe in you." "But you don't understand," answered the parson, "what it means when you say you believe in me, and ask for a chart. I don't know the way any better than you do. I am like a man in the engine room. The pilot runs the ship. My one duty is to obey the signals. When he says, 'Full speed ahead,' I pull the throttle; and when he signals, 'Stop,' I choke the steam."

The parson laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, and asked, "Will you kneel here by me and let me pray God to guide us?"

GETTING A STARTING POINT

"No," said the man, "this is too serious a business for me to tolerate any mummary. Of all the nonsense you preachers talk, prayer seems to me to be the greatest. I can think of nothing more foolish than a man crouching by his bed and mumbling a few words, and then getting up with the thought that something is going to come to pass because he has said those few words. The whole thing is a superstition, too foolish to discuss seriously."

"See here," said the parson, "answer me. You have been a soldier, and you have had men under you at other times. Tell me, did you ever face the situation where the lives of helpless men and women depended on you and those under you facing danger, and when the crisis came they failed you?"

"More than once," he answered.

"What did you do?" asked the parson.

"There was but one thing to do," he replied. "I asked them if they were men or lily-livered cowards, and told them they might save their skins if they wanted to, but one thing was sure, I was going to do my duty."

"What happened then?" asked the parson.

"Oh, they followed me. A man with a drop of red blood in him couldn't swallow that talk."

"Could you have driven them in at the point of a pistol?"

"Not a foot," he answered.

"Well, then, what made them go in?" persisted the parson. "Surely there was something that worked the change. One minute they were the lowest order of human life—cowards; the next, they were ready

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to die with you. Something changed them. What was it?"

"If you put it that way, I suppose I did it," he answered.

"I have no doubt of it," said the parson. "Now if you can work a change like that, don't you think it a little impertinent to ridicule the idea of the great God of the universe doing for you something of the same sort of thing that you did for those men?"

For a moment the man looked dazed; then his eyes flashed. "I see it! I see it! You are talking about prayer. Why, the thing isn't nonsense at all. Of course he can do it. Man, why didn't you come and tell me about it long ago? Why, the thing proves itself. Yes, you can pray for me. I'll pray for myself. We've got a starting point now. Go on, and tell me something about your Pilot."

For hours they sat and talked, and when he held out his hand in parting, he said: "Don't bother about me, Parson, I'll get the Book and learn the Pilot's signals. I know what it is to obey, and I promise to follow instructions. I don't know yet the port I'm making for, but I'm beginning to trust the Pilot, and I shall not be a derelict. Be sure of that."

EIGHT
SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS

XLIV

WHAT IF SHE HAD NOT SPOKEN?

SO often it is easier to be silent when an opportunity is presented to us to give a message for Christ, but God has promised to bless the words of those who conquer this timidity and invite another to "taste and see that the Lord is good."

Sixty years ago a young woman, an academy student in Jamestown, New York, felt that she ought to invite one of her companions, a young man, to accept Christ. To do this duty was not easy, but she did it. Straight from her closet she went to him, and said: "Be a Christian." "He tried to laugh at me," she wrote, years later, "but I 'screwed up my courage' and resisted his ridicule." The young man soon after this gave his heart to Christ, and he always delighted to tell of his debt to his young companion who had faced ridicule to do her duty. A few years later he determined to study for the ministry.

In 1913 he died, after more than fifty years of such splendid service as few men are able to render—as pastor, professor in two theological seminaries, author, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and founder and first President of the Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies. For the young man's name was Herrick Johnson.

But what if the young woman had not "screwed up her courage"?

XLV

NOT LOOKING FOR EXCUSES

“I AGREE with you that it is a Christian duty to invite our friends and acquaintances to come to Christ, under certain circumstances,” a young man said, while talking with a friend about opportunities he might have used but had allowed to escape him. “But don’t you feel that there are times when it is better to keep still, for fear of driving a man farther away from Christ?”

The friend replied by asking another question. “Isn’t there danger that we will spend more time in finding excuses for not speaking a word for the Saviour, than in seeking opportunities of which we may wisely take advantage?”

The truth of the matter is that the earnest Christian’s testimony for Christ is seldom out of place. God honors every honest effort to obey his instructions to tell others of him. Sometimes the way may seem closed, but so often the closed doors will open to those who are dead in earnest in their service of Christ.

In the “Life of H. Roswell Bates,” S. Ralph Harlow tells of a day in the life of this consecrated young man when it would have been easy for him to find an excuse for keeping silent. But he was not looking for excuses of this kind. This is the story:

“It was on the *Princess Irene*, bound for New

NOT LOOKING FOR EXCUSES

York. When the ship sailed, Mr. Bates noticed a group of particularly lively college boys among the passengers. To his amusement, one of the group came up behind him and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said: 'Say, old chap, we've got seven in our crowd and there are eight seats at our table. We don't want some old duffer stuck in with us; we're out for a good time and you look as if you were our kind all right. Won't you take the extra seat?' Mr. Bates eagerly accepted the informal invitation, and found himself at dinner with a rollicking lot of fellows intent on getting all the fun possible out of the trip. During the meal they poked fun at many of the other passengers, and at last someone spoke up and said: 'And say, fellows, who do you suppose this man Batts is, the Reverend Batts?' The crowd looked at the passenger list and then proceeded to pick out which of the passengers was the 'Reverend Batts.' The search was highly interesting, but unsuccessful as to conclusions, much to Mr. Bates' delight, though he had eagerly joined in the search for the 'Reverend Batts.' At the close of the dinner, just as the men were rising to leave, Mr. Bates remarked: 'Well, this is too bad, all you fellows look so bright and yet you couldn't find the Reverend Batts. Now I discovered him.' And then he introduced himself, saying, 'But I spell my name with an "e" and pronounce it Bates.'

"He won the hearts of the fellows at once, and throughout the trip led them in games and sports till they felt that they had been friends for years. And with some of them he had found time and fitting opportunity for personal talks."

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Now note well the first chapter of the sequel:

“On one of the last days of the happy trip one of the men came up to him and asked him to come to his cabin alone. There in the cabin he told his new friend of the blow which had just come to him. A cable had summoned him home to take his father’s place in a large business concern and to be his mother’s stay, for the father had died very suddenly. Shrinking from the new responsibility, the boyish heart had sought relief in the merriment of the crowd. But in Mr. Bates’ friendship he had found a new challenge to lay hold upon life and to get a new grip on himself. And Mr. Bates was able to help him enter into his business career with the love of God to inspire him as he took up the new responsibility from which he had shrunk.”

In the same volume this incident also is related:

“At a conference at Northfield he was especially praying for a young Harvard man. The conference drew to a close, and still the man had taken no definite stand. On the morning of the last day Mr. Bates awoke early, and could not sleep for the thought of that man who was still undecided. Rising an hour or two before breakfast he went to the man’s room, wakened him, and pressed upon him the appeal of Christ. Far from being offended by this intrusion, the man’s heart was touched that Mr. Bates should care so much, and at breakfast Mr. Bates was overflowing with joy because the man had promised that very day to declare openly his allegiance to Jesus Christ. It was one of the most inspiring things of that conference to hear this young man stand up before a

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crowd of his fellow students, gathered for a final Bible study conference later that morning, and make his confession of loyalty to Christ."

What wonderful wages God pays to those who work for him!

XLVI

SAVED BY A WORD

IN an address, Sherwood Eddy related this telling incident of personal work that God used to save souls:

“Three men were selling tickets at the New York Central Station, New York City. One was an agnostic, one was a slave to liquor, and the third was a converted Jew.

“An acquaintance, who made frequent visits to the station, began speaking to the agnostic through the bars of the ticket window, urging him to become a Christian. At last the man fought his way through his doubts and gave his heart to Christ. His whole life was transformed by his new relation to Christ.

“The man who was a slave to drink saw the change in his life, and longed to learn the secret. One morning, when he had been out on an all-night spree, he talked to the converted agnostic as the two men were selling tickets. Finally the man who had been on the spree asked the converted agnostic if he would stay down that night and show him how to become a Christian. ‘I have to attend a prayer meeting,’ was the reply, ‘but I do not need to spend a night with you for the purpose you have in mind. Just say “Yes” to Jesus Christ. Do not wait till to-night; do it now, right while you are selling the tickets, even in the

midst of this rush.' 'All right, Will,' the man decided; 'I'll do it now.' Then and there he became a Christian. Within a month his life was so changed that all were marveling at the power of his life.

"Both of these men longed to resign their positions with the railroad and to enter Christian work. But the railway officials refused to let them go, saying that they were their most successful ticket sellers. The secret of their success was not generally known. Inside the ticket window, invisible to the passengers, the converted Jew had placed this verse: 'Who being reviled, reviled not again.' Here was the secret of their success. The men never returned an angry answer to irate passengers. This was why the railway long refused to spare them.

"But at last for the higher cause they were released. The converted Jew is still witnessing for Christ. The agnostic became Religious Work Director of the New York State Y.M.C.A., and won hundreds of men to Christ. The former slave to drink has won his thousands and became the well-known State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York.

"It only took one word from his friend to bring the Secretary to a decision, and one for him to enter the kingdom. Many a man to-day is not far from the kingdom; but who will speak the word that will lead him to enter? Have we a salvation that is worth passing on? Have I spoke to a man this month? Have I won a man this year for Christ? Am I a living witness for him?

"Recently I met another man who is a witness to

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this wonderful Saviour. He is the president of the great Quaker Oats Company, which does a business of millions annually. But busy as he is, he has time to witness for Christ. A young business man entered his office and sought from the company three million dollars of capital for his business. During the conversation the president said to him:

“ ‘ Mr. R., are you asking us to trust you with three million dollars, yet you are not even a Christian? ’

“ ‘ I did not come here to talk about religion,’ was the reply.

“ ‘ Mr. R.,’ the president continued, ‘ you have brought us many letters of introduction; will you let me introduce you to my great unseen friend, Jesus Christ? Will you come to my room and talk the matter over? ’ Before an hour had passed Mr. R. had given his heart to Christ. He is to-day a successful business man and has the capital which he sought for his business. Since his conversion, he has brought more than one hundred men to Christ.”

“ How long would it take us to bring in the kingdom if all were witnessing for Christ? ” Mr. Eddy asked. “ Let us remember his words, ‘ Ye are my witnesses.’ It is sometimes easier to send the message by proxy to another man than to tell the message to our friend and neighbor at our own door. But let us begin to-day to tell someone of this great good news.”

XLVII

LEADING A PATIENT TO CHRIST

A LONDON surgeon's assistant who was a Christian was always on the lookout for opportunities for service. Frequently he was able to say something to a patient that gave them a vision of a better life.

Perhaps his most striking experience, related in "The Growth of a Soul," is as follows:

"It was my daily duty to dress the foot of a patient suffering from secret gangrene. The disease commenced as usual insidiously and the patient had little idea that he was a doomed man and probably had not long to live. I was not the first to attend him, but when the case was transferred to me I naturally became very anxious about his soul. The family with whom he lived were Christians, and from them I learned that he was an avowed atheist and very antagonistic to everything religious. They had without asking him invited a Scripture reader to visit him, but in great passion he had ordered him from the room. The Vicar of his district had also called, hoping to help him, but he had spit in his face and refused to allow him to speak. His temper was described to me as very violent, and altogether the case seemed as hopeless as could well be imagined.

"Upon first commencing to attend him I prayed

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much about it, but for two or three days said nothing of a religious nature. By special care in dressing his diseased limb I was able to considerably lessen his suffering, and he soon began to manifest appreciation of my services. One day with a trembling heart I took advantage of his grateful acknowledgments to tell him what was the spring of my action, and to speak of his solemn position and need of God's mercy through Christ. It was evidently only a powerful effort of self-restraint that kept his lips closed. He turned over in bed with his back to me, and uttered no word.

"I could not get the poor man out of my mind, and very often through each day I pleaded with God by his Spirit to save him ere he took him hence. After dressing the wound and relieving the pain, I never failed to say a few words to him which I hoped the Lord would bless. He always turned his back, looking annoyed, but never made any reply.

"After continuing this for some time my heart sank. It seemed to me that I was not only doing no good, but perhaps really hardening him and increasing his guilt. One day, after dressing his limb and washing my hands, instead of returning to the bedside I went to the door and stood hesitating a moment, with the thought in my mind, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone.' Looking at my patient, I saw his surprise, as it was the first time since opening up the subject that I had attempted to leave without saying a few words for my Master.

"I could bear it no longer. Bursting into tears, I crossed the room and said: 'My friend, whether you

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will hear or whether you will forbear, I must deliver my soul,' and went on to speak very earnestly, telling him how much I wished that he would let me pray with him. To my unspeakable joy he did not turn away, but replied :

“ ‘ If it will be a relief to you, do.’

“ I need scarcely say that, falling upon my knees, I poured out my soul to God in his behalf. Then and there, I believe, the Lord wrought a change in his soul. He was never afterwards unwilling to be spoken to and prayed with, and within a few days he definitely accepted Christ as his Saviour.

“ The now happy sufferer lived for some time after this change and was never tired of bearing testimony to the grace of God. Though his condition was most distressing, the alteration in his character and behavior made the previously painful duty of attending him one of real pleasure.”

The young man added this word to his story :

“ Sometimes it may be that while we are complaining of the hardness of the heart of those we are seeking to benefit, the hardness of our own heart and our own feeble apprehension of the solemn reality of eternal things may be the true cause of our want of success.”

XLVIII

HIS BEST CHANCE

DURING the later years of his life Rev. Richard S. Holmes, D.D., delighted to tell this story of a man he called "My Brakeman":

"Duty had called me to a town on the old Rome and Western Railway, some fifteen miles north from the city of Rome, New York. And duty made it necessary for me to be in a town in the western part of the state by nine o'clock next morning.

" 'No night trains, sir, except a freight at midnight, and that never stops.'

" 'Any provisions for passengers?' I asked.

" 'Yes, a caboose for the train crew.'

"The station master saw my discomfiture, and suggested that perhaps the division superintendent would stop the train for me, if he knew the circumstances. An interchange of telegrams with the superintendent brought the message, 'Train will stop for you.'

"The night was intensely dark, not a star being visible anywhere, and to stand alone at midnight at a station a mile from town sent an uncanny feeling through me. From far away came the rumble of the train, and ere long the headlight of the locomotive appeared and the heavy up-grade became visible. Presently it seemed that the speed of the train was increasing, for the puffing of the engine became more fre-

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quent, and the thought crossed my mind, 'Perhaps the superintendent has forgotten.' As the train began to pass, it was clear that it would not stop that night. What to do was the question. To be left there meant loss, and failure to keep an important engagement. Something within me said, 'Run, run with the train. It is not going so very fast. You can easily catch the guards of the caboose and swing up.'

"So I ran, but the caboose did not come. An open box car was in its place. What now? 'Jump for it,' said the inner voice. I laid my hands upon the floor of the car, and, still running, made the vault for the open door. The feat was not difficult. One should have succeeded nine times out of ten, but for me this was the tenth time. One foot slipped, and I fell with my breast and arms only on the floor of the car, my body outside and my legs swinging under the train. Was this the last of earth? It seemed so. I felt myself slipping, knew that holding on was impossible and that death would surely follow the fall. A vision of myself found dead by the roadside, and of the message that would go to the home where loved ones would be waiting, who would wait in vain, came like a flash. And then, just as all hope was vanishing, a hand came down upon me, grasped me, and drew me with one tremendous pull into the car. I was saved.

"Bruised, clothes torn, frightened beyond all possibility of description, no impulse came to rise until the same strong hand raised me. It was the hand of 'my brakeman.' That hand will not be forgotten while my memory holds her throne.

"'Lucky for you that I was in this car,' he said.

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“ ‘ Yes,’ I answered.

“ ‘ I had not been here more than three or four minutes,’ he said.

“ I made no answer, but went over to the corner of the car, where there was a pail turned bottom side up, and sat down with my elbows on my knees and my head in my hands. Mortification, fear, and gratitude were strongly blended in me. Above me, in the angle of the car, was a dingy kerosene lamp. It made light enough for me to see the figure of my brakeman. He stood over me, his arms folded, looking down with a singular expression.

“ ‘ Stranger,’ he said, ‘ that was a close call.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ I answered.

“ ‘ Say, stranger, look-a-here. I-ah-er-that was a mighty tight squeeze.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ I answered.

“ He began once more. ‘ Stranger, you-ah-say, I want to say to you that-ah-ah-that was a close shave.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ I answered. ‘ What are you driving at?’

“ ‘ Wal,’ said he, ‘ look-a-here! what I want to know is this. Now, you must excuse me, but-ah-but what I want to know is whether your chance of gettin’ into the kingdom of God is any better than it was of gettin’ into this car.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ I said.

“ ‘ You’re a Christian, be you?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ I answered.

“ ‘ Wal, I’m glad of it,’ he said. ‘ I’m awful glad of it.’ He stood there, silent for a moment, then he said, ‘ Stranger, you don’t expect such kind o’ talk of a railroad brakeman, do you?’

HIS BEST CHANCE

“ ‘No,’ said I, ‘I don’t.’

“ ‘Ever hear it before?’

“ ‘Never.’

“ ‘Never will again, like enough.’

“ ‘Probably not,’ said I.

“ ‘Wal, I’ll tell you how ’twas. Two years ago I got into a Methodist revival meetin’ down in Rome, and I was converted, and I joined the Church, and when I joined the Church the minister said to me, “Now, my boy, don’t you ever let the chance to speak to a man about his soul get away from you,” and I told him I wouldn’t, and I haven’t. But you’re the best chance I ever had.’

“ Just then the train whistle blew. ‘That’s my call,’ said he. Out of the door, up the ladder, away over the tops of the cars he went. I had not asked his name, and never have seen him since. Whether he is living or dead is all unknown; but I am living, who would have been dead but for my brakeman. And my soul’s salvation, if it had not already been made sure, would probably have been made so by the fidelity of that unknown railroad boy. And so I say sometimes, ‘I know what salvation is, for he saved my life, and even so has my Saviour interposed to save my soul.’

“ This was my brakeman. I would not now be telling this story but for him. The story is true. It is worth passing on. Let us all make the brakeman’s resolution our own: ‘I will never let a chance to speak to a man about his soul get away from me.’ ”

XLIX

SERVING BY THE WAY

THE Christian who pleads vacation as an excuse for failure to take part in any helpful work is making a serious mistake. No Christian can enjoy his vacation as he should unless he is as eager to serve his Master during those weeks as when he is at home. The plea that a period of freedom from all service is ever needed is a confession by the one who makes the plea that to him the service of Christ is a hardship, not a pleasure; a duty, not a privilege. To those who at all times rejoice in ministry for others, vacation is filled with opportunities for service in new and unexpected ways; to them one of the measures of a profitable vacation is the number of these opportunities and the use made of them.

Vacation days have their peculiar temptations. Sometimes a Christian who works hard fifty weeks in the year and takes the remainder for a vacation jaunt thinks it no harm to leave behind with office coat or kitchen apron the sense of responsibility to use every reasonable opening to do some sort of work for the Master. One such traveler was rebuked when, while talking to a casual acquaintance in the railway car he noted that his companion carried a Bible with him. Commenting on the fact, he learned that the man was an agent for a Bible society, and that he had with him

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a number of copies of the Bible. The traveler remembered then that he had forgotten his own Bible, and he at once provided himself with a copy. The sight of the book in his hands attracted the attention of others, and more than one person was led to begin a conversation that enabled the forgetful Christian to do a bit of personal work that counted.

A few years ago, when a Brooklyn pastor was in the West, he took advantage of an opportunity for service that many men in the hurry of the moment might have passed by. At the close of a service in a large city, a lad of eighteen came to him. The pastor has told of what followed:

“In a brief conversation I learned that the boy, hearing the call of the West-land, had run away from a beautiful Brooklyn home and for months had not written to his father or mother. I took him to the missionary pastor, who said he would look after him. He promised to write his mother. That night I wrote the father that I had found his boy and had placed him in good care. Six weeks afterwards I preached in my own pulpit. At the close of the service a splendid man and woman came forward, each took my hand, but neither spoke for tears were in their throats. I led them into the session room and it seemed for fully five minutes they wept and sobbed. When he was able to control himself, the father said: ‘Thank you for finding our boy. He has written to us regularly, and we expect him home this week.’”

“But even if I had such an opportunity, I could not use it; I do not know how to say the right words in an emergency like that,” the excuse is made.

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Then live your Christian life wherever you go! The best testimony for Christ, the most unanswerable argument for the truth of the gospel, is the witness of a life devoted to the Master's service, transformed by the indwelling of his Spirit.

A missionary in Japan has told of a young man who presented himself for church membership, to the surprise of all who knew him. The most surprised man of all was the missionary to whom he applied for baptism. He was asked how he had been led to become a Christian. He replied that he had read the life of Chinese Gordon which deeply impressed him; he wondered if the gospel could really transform a man, as the biography said the Christian soldier was transformed. Some time later he met a Christian family during their vacation stay at the seashore. "He coupled what he had read of Christ's life, reproduced in the life of General Gordon, with what he saw of Christ's influence in the life of the missionary and his family, and he concluded that Jesus, to have exerted such a power, must have been more than a man and that the gospels were at least worthy of imitation."

What impression do we make on strangers when we are away from home? Does the feeling that we are not on dress parade ever get possession of us and make us careless? What if someone should meet us at such a time and judge of our religion by us?

Unless the life continually is in keeping with our profession, we are not living up to our privileges of being lights in the world; and many may continue to walk in darkness because of our failure to bear witness to Christ by our daily actions.

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If Christian profession is good, it is proper that Christians should be found among Christians wherever they are. If attendance at church is helpful at home, why not when they are taking vacation? If secret prayer is necessary at any time, it is surely necessary during the distracting days away from home. Those who are trying to follow the example of Him who went about doing good, surely should look for opportunities of service in the mountains or at the seashore, as well as among their own friends.

NINE
BY MEANS OF LETTERS

L

BY THE ROADSIDE

AT a conference of young Christian workers at Northfield, Massachusetts, J. G. K. McClure, D.D., President of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, referred to a method adopted by him years before in reaching men who were not Christians. When asked by the author of this volume to tell of this with more detail, he wrote this message:

“Every man who speaks to another on the subject of Personal Religion needs to be thoughtful, but he never needs to be afraid. The most delicate and tender subject that can be mentioned is that of a man’s heart relation to God. By reason of its very nature, we should be careful to approach a man on the subject of Personal Religion in the wisest possible way, not causing him to bristle with opposition, but rather leading him to open his heart to persuasion.

“Once I was at a dinner party of twelve guests, when suddenly an earnest man turned to a young, vivacious lady at his side and in a tone audible throughout the room asked: ‘Are you a Christian?’ The purpose of the inquiry was to lead the young lady, if she were not a Christian, to Christ; but the time, the place, and the method of address had been so unwisely chosen that her face colored red instantly as all eyes were fixed upon her, and the spirit of resistance

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against the earnest man and all his purposes destroyed every possibility of usefulness.

“ In business men study out the best methods of approaching one to whom they desire to sell merchandise or insurance. Similarly we act wisely when we study out how best we can reach a man’s heart to whom we would bring salvation; and our failure to secure our end should never make us feel that our responsibility is over. It is the repeated appearance of a winsome salesman who has good goods that is often necessary to a sale; and it is our repeated presentation of Christ in a persuasive way that is often necessary if we are to secure a man’s acceptance of our Master. Sometimes the men who turn us down harshly at the first are the very men who are most open to our words later on.

“ I am asked to tell of the method of personal approach used by me in my first pastorate, which was among a farming community. The young men were accustomed to take wagon loads of produce to the city for sale in the general market; the produce might be a dozen barrels of apples or of potatoes, a load of hay, either loose or baled, or it might be scores of bags of oats or rye. We were eight miles from the city. Having talked with these young men in their homes or at church about their relation to God, and knowing the day that they individually would pass the parsonage on the way to the city, I would wait for them at my door as they drew near with their loads. And then I would give (usually only to one person a day) a letter to the young man, in which I reminded him of my affection for him and said he would find inclosed

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a paper which I wished he would think about as he drove the eight miles into the city, and then would sign and give to me upon his return, when I would be waiting for him. The paper read as follows: 'Knowing that I am a sinner needing the forgiveness of God, and believing in God's love and forgiveness, I herewith give myself to him to live as Christ would have me live, and ask him for strength to confess his name and enter upon his service.'

"As the day drew near to its close I was on the watch for the young man's return. Again and again, one and another having had this definite pledge before them, and knowing that I was waiting for them, had the papers with their signatures affixed ready for me upon their return. Taking the papers from their hands, and saying I would keep them as their covenant, I gave appropriate and tender counsel, and added that with the first opportunity I desired them to make public the covenant they had lodged with me. Thus they went to their homes after a whole day's thought upon the pledge-committed men, and in every instance afterward came into church membership.

"Each one of us must find his own way of leading souls to Christ, and his way will differ according to the individuals approached and the community in which he lives. In my own case, almost every one who was led by me to the confession of Christ came through my dealing with him individually and alone. Friendship between human hearts is essential to the development of a friendship between the human heart and God."

LI

WON BY A LETTER

EVERY letter we write, whether to a friend or to a member of our own family, should have in it something that will give to the one who receives it a glimpse of brightness and glory. Yet so often there is nothing pleasing in the missive but the closing message. Sometimes even this seems to be a mere form. The writer should not be content to say, "My best regards to you"; he should see to it that he has put his best into the letter.

How many letters could be named with the messages from a New England school-teacher to a friend who said, "Your words always draw me heavenward, so that my first impulse is to pray"? Again she assured the correspondent that her letters turned her heart to a constantly recurring joy.

It was a letter like this of which a friend of the author of this volume told him in these words:

"He was one of my dearest friends. During a very unusual period of revival, though our paths were a hundred miles apart, my thoughts were constantly of him, and so I wrote him a warm-hearted personal invitation to come out boldly and unite with the Church. He had been brought up in a Christian atmosphere. His father was a Methodist class leader of the strictest type. The son had known some wild days, but was

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living a clean life, though an unchurchly one. He never answered my letter, and never in any way referred to it. Through another member of the household I knew that he received it. The letter had gone forth in prayer; I never doubted that I was obediently following a divine leading. Six years went by with never a day that I did not definitely and by name pray for my friend, and for his conversion.

“Unexpectedly one evening I found myself in his home. By a strange chance I opened the door of the room in which he was preparing to retire. He was on his knees beside a chair, his head in his hands, pouring out his soul to God, and talking in familiar terms that made me know he had long practiced communing with God alone. I stole quietly out of the doorway and John never knew of my presence. My faith was unconsciously quickened by that sight, for, without telling me, God had answered my prayer for my friend long before I knew it.”

The story of another letter that worked wonders is told by the biographer of James Hannington.

When James Hannington was twenty years old he decided that he would be a minister. But he was not a Christian; the secret of his decision was his loathing for the business career for which he had been destined. He united with the Church of England, but he was not content. He entered St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, but still he was not a Christian. He concluded his course and began his ministry as Curate of Martinhoe and Trentishoe.

There the life was entirely after his own heart, but he was not happy. To quote his biographer, E. C.

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Dawson: "The people were content with him, but he was not content with his own ministrations to them. He was parson, doctor, family friend, all in one. He felt that he could be of some use to the poor and needy. He sat up long nights with the sick and dying. His purse was always at the command of those in want. He could and did sometimes preach vehement sermons against prevalent vices, such as immorality, and excessive drinking at 'wakes' and feasts but he could not preach the Word of Life. As he visited the sick and dying, or read prayers in bald looking, uncared-for country churches, and held up his manuscript sermon to his eyes in presence of sleeping audiences of tired laboring folk, he realized this ever more keenly: he was not giving them the Word of Life. How could he, when he did not himself possess the Word of Life? He began to understand, as he had never understood before, that he was not right with God. God's ordained messenger with no message to deliver—that was his position. A position, to his transparently honest soul altogether insupportable. He began to be in great distress."

Thirteen months before "a certain friend of his who had recently received holy orders, and who was serving as curate in a country parish in Surrey, began to think of him. In the solitude of his lodging, when the day's work was done, and he was alone with his thoughts, his mind would rest longingly on his old college friendships. He thought of James Hannington, gay, impetuous, friendly, fun-loving Jim, and gradually it was laid upon his heart to pray for him. Why, he could not tell, but the burden of that other soul

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seemed to press upon him more heavily day by day. He had not had much experience in dealing with souls; he had but a short time before learned the meaning of 'effectual, fervent prayer'; he would have been called a 'babe' by St. Paul.

"He thought of many friends. To some he spoke, and tried to make them partakers with him of his new found benefit. For some he sought to pray, but for none can he ever remember to have prayed with such a distinct sense that he must pray as for James Hannington."

After a time he sought an excuse to write to his friend. He found the excuse: an old pair of his college chum's skates, borrowed when he was at college. He wrote asking what he should do with them—and asked also for news of the owner. The reply told him what he longed to know—that Hannington was undertaking ordination, but that he was not sure he was as fit as he ought to be.

The curate "resolved to avail himself of the opening thus given, though not without a certain dread. He was naturally loath to lose the friendship of one for whom he entertained a warm affection. He remembered Hannington's openly expressed dislike of religious enthusiasm, and his contempt for all canting protestation of superior piety. It was not without a mental struggle that he determined to lay bare his own heart to an eye only too probably unsympathetic. It seemed likely that this letter of his might open a wide gulf between them. Still, if friendship was to be lost, it should at least be well lost. So he reasoned, and, with prayer for guidance, just wrote a simple, unvar-

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nished account of his own spiritual experience; tried to explain how it had come to pass that he was not as formerly; spoke of the power of the love of Christ to transform the life of a man and draw out all his latent possibilities; and finally urged him, as he loved his own soul, to make a definite surrender of himself to the Saviour of the world and join himself to his disciples."

For thirteen months there was no response. He feared the letter had gone to the waste-paper basket. But every day he prayed for his friend.

At length, Hannington, who had known no peace during this period, wrote to the curate and implored him to pay him a visit. The curate could not come, but sent a book which he urged Hannington to read. After several fruitless attempts to become interested in the volume, Hannington succeeded in reading it through. The reading led to his thorough conversion. "I know now that Jesus Christ died for me and that he is mine and I am his," he wrote to his friend. "And all this you are the human means of teaching me. Dear Colonel, what thanks I owe to you, and incomparably little with what I owe to God. I ought daily to be more thankful to you as the instrument by which I was brought to Christ."

At Oxford, a little later, he talked with another old friend, who told him that there had not seemed any hope of his conversion, "he seemed so utterly given over to the world."

The letter of a third college friend, who had not learned of his conversion, shows how far those who knew him felt that he was from being a Christian. He

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told of the visit to him of a college chum, once a very worldly man, who astonished him by the change in his conversation and by his final confession that he had heard the call of Christ, and was resolved to follow him. The astonished man asked Hannington for advice. "I don't know what has come over ——," he said. "He is dreadfully changed in his views. You must come over and spend a few days with us when next he is here, and we will soon settle him between us."

The change in Hannington was real. He began to preach, without notes, the Word of Life. His people were fed. In country and city he continued his ministry until he was thirty-five years old.

Then he heard the call for men to go out to do mission work on the shores of Victoria Nyanza in Africa. He hesitated to offer himself, fearing that the Church Missionary Society would not accept him. "I am not worthy of the honor," he wrote in his diary.

Within a few months he began the four years of missionary labor that was crowned by his martyrdom. His dying message was: "I am about to die for the Baganda, and have purchased the road to them with my life."

And God used a letter to win the man who became Bishop Hannington of Africa!

LII

WON BY PROXY

A CHRISTIAN worker of note, a layman, told the author of the winning of a business friend for his Master.

"We had traded together through many years," he said. "His unusually close application to business had aided a rapid development of consumption. He was going to the North woods in search of health. Many of us felt he had waited too long; but he had a will of his own and some of his conclusions, in consequence, were developed slowly. I was in his home town on business the afternoon before he was to start. We visited together, and then, after the evening shades had fallen, I met him again on my way to the railway station, and we chatted till nearly time for my train. The conversation, to my regret, did not turn on religious things except once in a very general way. We rather abruptly said good-by, and on the train homeward that evening I feared lest I had not been as solicitously the Christian gentleman as I should have been with my friend.

"The weeks passed. I heard only unsatisfactory reports of his condition. My heart was heavy with the conviction that I might be withholding a helpful or comforting word.

"A friend was the Field Secretary of the New York

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State Christian Endeavor Union, and his itinerary of field work for some weeks ahead came to me in my mail one morning. I noted that he was headed for the North woods and that one of his engagements was in the very town where my sick business friend was staying. There came a sudden prompting and I obeyed it immediately. A special delivery letter to the field secretary told him of my friend and his condition, and asked him to call and announce himself as having been sent by me and engage my friend, if his condition permitted, in a cordially solicitous bit of personal conversation. In the meantime I sent a message of greeting to my friend and waited to observe God's way of bringing things to pass.

"A few days later the field secretary and I lunched together, and he told me the story of a call at the North woods cottage. We both cried over our luncheon that day. They were tears of joy in either case; joy over a rich experience in personal work on the part of the field secretary; joy in my case because the last message my business friend sent me was, 'tell John I am trusting in Jesus.' "

LIII

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

IN a little town in the South, lived two young men who were the despair of the friends of law and order. They had been given the best opportunity to advance, but they had despised it. Both had been sent to college, but one was dropped almost at once, while the other was sent home after a profligate career of four months. He was sent later to three other schools, but was expelled from all of them.

In the summer of 1914 both men were drunkards and gamblers, and were guilty of so many other immoralities that their names were not mentioned by many of those who thought themselves above these outcasts.

But there were three people in the town who felt that the two young men were not beyond hope—a young student for the ministry, who was about to enter the theological seminary, and his two sisters.

The sisters were members of a Girls' Intercessory Circle, which had been organized by the student for the ministry. At one of their meetings lists of individuals in the town for whom daily prayer was to be offered were made by the girls. The names of the two young men were placed on these lists. Both young women made them subjects of prayer, while their brother united with them in the service of intercession.

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Answer to the prayer was delayed, and personal appeals were fruitless.

One day in July, 1914, the student for the ministry found one of the young men lying, drunk, on the base ball field. He took the man to his own home and kept him there till he was himself; then he let him go, but not until he had said to him as much as he thought was wise. The young man would not encourage the friend who pleaded with him, but from that time it was apparent that he was glad someone was interested in him.

In September, 1914, both the student for the ministry and the other young man had typhoid fever. Knowledge of their common affliction brought them near together.

When the student for the ministry was recovering he sent for the young man whom he had taken home from the ball field and asked him to read aloud in the sick room. This the man was glad to do, for he had no work at the time; in fact, no one would have given him work, even if he had wanted to work.

The appeals made in the sick room to the reckless reader seemed to be without result, and the message sent to the second fever patient seemed as useless. In December both young men were, apparently, as reckless as ever.

Of course there were many in the town who felt that the student was wasting his time on the young men. But he did not give up.

Two weeks before Christmas he went to see the man who had been sick in September, and appealed to him to give up his bad habits and yield his heart to

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Christ. After listening to him for some time, the young man said:

"I guess I might as well; you won't let me alone until I do."

Yet a week later the convert was among his former companions, planning with them for a great Christmas spree. These plans were given up in response to the entreaty of the student.

Realizing that something more must be done, he talked with his sisters about the young men. They made a plan. Knowing that both men could sing, they arranged a quartet which should practice at the home of the three personal workers.

As they practiced there was opportunity for fervent appeals to live an earnest Christian life. These seemed to be effective, and the young men resolved to be Christians.

Then the brother went away and the two converts yielded to the pleas and the sneers of their former companions and began to frequent the low poolroom which was opened in the town just at that time.

The sisters prayed for the young men, and sent word to their brother of their new anxiety. The brother telegraphed one of the young men that he had the utmost faith in him, and wrote to the other a strong letter in which he reminded him that, having had a taste of the new life, he could not go back into the old careless ways.

Then the sisters sought the young men and talked with them. Again they announced their purpose to be Christians.

This time there was no going back. When the

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brother returned they were led by him to take part in a series of meetings conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association at a neighboring town. Both young men did earnest and effective personal work among the mill boys. This developed and strengthened them.

Later some of the men of the town went to different parts of the county to hold meetings for testimony. One of the young converts talked at each meeting on Bible study and prayer, which had become, already, a large part of his life. The other young man told of his former life and of his conversion, and spoke of the four great purposes in his life, one of which was to bring men to Christ.

In the fall of 1915 the latter young man, who has a brilliant mind in spite of his abuse of it, went to a state educational institution as teacher of history and mathematics. There he is proving a power for righteousness among the students, doing personal work among them wherever he can find an opening. He conducts chapel exercises in the school, and when the man at whose house he boards is absent, he asks the blessing at the table and conducts family worship.

The second young man left at about the same time for a large city five hundred miles from his home, where he found work, made himself known at a downtown mission and a nearby Sunday school, and began to do such work with individuals as had been blessed by God to his own salvation.

LIV

HE FOUND CHRIST IN THE TRENCHES

A SOUTH LONDON Sunday-school teacher had in his class a young man for whom he was anxious. He did not think of the man as bad, but he knew that he was not a Christian.

He was especially anxious when the young man dropped out of Sunday school. He wondered if he had used every opportunity to lead to Christ this member of the class; he wondered, too, if he was soon to have another opportunity.

Seven months later word came to him that the young man had enlisted, and, within two weeks, would be in the trenches in France. The teacher longed for chance had come! It was not possible to talk to the soldier personally, but the teacher could write to him.

And he did write intensely earnest letters. He pleaded with the soldier to be a soldier of the Great Captain.

The teacher's letters to the soldier have not been preserved. But the soldier's letters to the teacher are treasured. Portions of them follow:

"May 18.—I have been fighting hard in the trenches for nearly a month, so I have had no time to write. Don't think for one moment that I have for-

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gotten you, for you are constantly in my thoughts, and I often sit and think, and wish I were among you all at the old Sunday school. I have had some narrow escapes on several occasions, but up till now I have not received a scratch. . . . If God spares me to come home again, I think you will understand the lesson I have learnt."

"May 30.—You tell me that J. H. has written to you and told you how he is trying to lead a better life, and I must tell you that at one time I was as bad as he, although you did not know it; but I have altered now and intend to try, with God's help, to repair the past. It is rather a difficult thing to do in the army, but I am very confident I shall succeed."

"June 13.—I am trying my best to lead a Christian life. Sometimes I find it a bit difficult; but I shall succeed in the long run, and I hope God will spare me to come back home so that I can show you the great change there is in me."

"June 26.—I have some good news to tell you. I have found some more Christian comrades in my battalion, and it only goes to show that God is answering my prayers. I wrote and told you I was not strong enough, and you told me to pray for more strength from him. Well, I did this, and eventually I saw one of our chaps sitting under a tree reading a New Testament. I got into conversation with him, and he asked me if I believed in the Saviour. I told him that I did believe, and had already accepted him, but wanted help. I have received what I have been praying for, and was introduced to two more comrades and we are now all happy in the strength of God, and trying to recruit

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more. I feel happier now than I have ever done before."

"July 17.—Since I wrote to you last, I and my friend have gained two more of our mates who intend to serve the Lord in future, and we have still plenty more who are half inclined to serve God, only they want a lot of persuading."

"August 28.—It is jolly hard to get a fellow to go the right way out here. But I find that patience wins, and if you chum in with a fellow whom you have got at as a likely candidate for our Lord you can soon make him learn your ways by praying for help and strength; and in the end you generally win him over. I have not had much success lately in this direction, as I have become a bomber and have been busy and separated from my companions; but I keep on trying and hope to get some more out of my new chums."

"September 6.—You need not worry about me ever shirking my duty to the old school again, and if God wills that I shall be spared to come back to you again, it shall be my earnest endeavor to help at the Sunday school and do my very best to bring others to the Master."

But the soldier did not live to return home. He was killed in action only a few weeks after the letter of September sixth was written.

TEN
HOW CHRIST'S KINGDOM GROWS

LV

AMONG COLLEGE MEN

IN a small college in an interior city of an Eastern state a student was disturbed because Christian life among his fellows was at such a low ebb.

He decided that the thing for him to do was to go among his friends and ask them to become Christians. So he prepared a decision card the signers of which would pledge themselves to an unusually high programme.

He thought of presenting this to a fraternity brother, a young man of means, a Southerner, who was a general favorite wherever he went, but who was far from being a Christian.

Of course he was tempted not to approach the man, lest his efforts come to nothing and there result an interruption in the pleasant relations existing between the two men. But he put aside his fears as unworthy, sought the fraternity brother and told him of his desire that he give his heart to Christ, signing the card as an indication of his purpose.

Carefully the man read the card through. Then, thoughtfully, he said:

"That is a pretty stiff programme. I don't see how I can sign for you."

To further entreaty the young man finally said:

"Well, I'll try your programme for a week."

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At the end of the week he announced his purpose to be a Christian. Soon after he made known his intention to become a minister. And a little later he took a further step by taking his place with the men who had made known their purpose to go to the foreign mission field.

It was at a college in a Middle Western state that a Christian young man was distressed when he thought how the fraternities were ruling the college. He regretted that he had become a fraternity man, for his companions were rowdies.

The friend whom he consulted about his difficulty suggested that the thing for him to do was not to leave the fraternity but to do his part to transform it.

So he decided to adopt heroic measures. In spite of his feeling that he might be misunderstood and even mocked, he would act at once and in a way to most attract the attention of all the men.

It was long past a reasonable bedtime when he reached his decision, and he was at a distance from the fraternity house. But he hurried thither as fast as he could. As he feared, most of the men were in bed. He went to their rooms, rapped on their doors, and asked them to come down at once to a prayer meeting in the lounging room. Astonished, they did as he suggested. The Christian told them why he had called them together, and urged them to become Christians. Then he led in prayer. Most of the others prayed also.

That meeting resulted in the conversion of all of the men but two. There was an important change in the life of the fraternity. Instead of one general meet-

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ing each week there were two from that time, one of which was a prayer meeting.

A Christian worker by whom these incidents were told said they were illustrative of the fact that the Christian who presents his message in a manly way will be received courteously by ninety-nine men out of a hundred.

“I recall an instance in my own experience that shows the attitude of the average man. I had been seeking opportunities to give a brief invitation to attend church service and to present Jesus Christ at the close of the first act at several of the better class theaters. Always I was well received. Usually the manager introduced me.

“But one Saturday evening what I thought was a hard proposition was put up to me. Word was sent to me that the manager of one of the largest vaudeville houses in the city had heard of my visits to the other theaters, and that he would give me an opportunity to speak that evening at his house at the end of the first act.

“Now I knew that the theater would be crowded that night from floor to top gallery with young men from the college and professional schools of the city; there would not be a woman in the audience. What a wonderful opportunity was afforded me! But what if I was not well received? College men know how to roast a speaker if they are not pleased. How would they receive my words in the midst of the vaudeville performance?

“I decided to make the effort, at any rate. The invitation had come to me late, and I had twelve miles

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to travel. I managed to reach the theater near the close of the first act. The performers were still on the stage when the manager told me to go ahead and speak; he would see that the performance was interrupted. But he said he could not introduce me as he had intended to do. I could see that he feared the result of the invitation.

“Now I had to be introduced, and I had to act quickly. I looked about and saw a clown who was just then talking to the young man before him. ‘Let him introduce me,’ I said.

“The manager whispered to the clown, who stepped to the front of the stage. For a moment he busied himself with a simple antic which was new to the boys. When every eye was focused on him, he said, quietly:

“‘Boys, I have a friend here whom you will like to hear for a moment. You are all good Americans, and a good American likes to listen to what a minister has to say.’

“I was at his side. I saw that the young men did not know what to make of my coming before them in that way, and I realized that I must capture them at once.

“In the same conversational tone the clown had used, and as if it was a matter of course that I should be speaking to them under the circumstances, I reminded them that the next day was the Sabbath, that they would be wondering what to do with themselves, that all over the city churches, Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant would be open to receive them, and that for those who did not wish to go to church service there

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would be a special meeting for men in one of the large theaters. I told them we would sing songs they had learned at home—‘Nearer, My God to Thee,’ ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul,’ ‘Rock of Ages,’ and others like them. There would be reading from the old Bible which they had heard read in their homes, and there would be a short talk about Jesus who came to earth nearly two thousand years ago because he loved men, and who died for them that they might have life.

“That was all my message. They listened intently. When I had finished I turned to leave the stage, and the manager gave the signal to the performers to go on and sing the song which was to precede the dropping of the curtain at the end of the first act.

“But the performers could not be heard for a minute. For the young men were applauding me heartily. It was apparent, too, that their applause was not in mockery; it was sincere and earnest.

“Men respect the bearer of a manly message. They may be surprised by it, but they are not apt to resent it.”

LVI

TEAM WORK

FROM several centers in the Mississippi Valley young converts have shown their zeal for the Master by going out, in companies of five or six, to surrounding towns and villages to preach the gospel.

The first of these gospel teams was born when the Secretary of the Wichita, Kansas, Young Men's Christian Association asked a number of leading business men, who had been converted in a recent revival, to give their testimony for Christ at the regular gospel meeting. Among those present was a layman who had promised to lead a meeting in one of the churches that evening. He persuaded five of the men who spoke that afternoon to sit with him on the platform and assist in the service. After the address he urged them to go down in the congregation and do personal work. As a result of God's blessing on their efforts, nineteen men confessed Christ.

This company of Christian men, rejoicing in the way they had been used, duplicated the meeting in other places, and God more than duplicated the results.

Before long there were in Wichita twenty-eight teams made up of three hundred and fifty professional and business men. In a little more than a year these teams visited fifty-five places in the city and one hundred and fifty-five places outside the city. One of the

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results was that thirty-eight hundred and seventeen men and women became Christians.

The efforts of active teams in Iowa were blessed in like manner. Hundreds of men gave themselves to the work, speaking on Sunday in the churches, and between times giving invitations personally to men to accept Christ.

One of these men, who had been a nominal Christian for years, has told what participation in the work in public and in private has done for him. He says:

“ This thing has waked me from the dead. I never took any interest in the conversion of anybody else. I never really felt that it was expected of me. More than that, I didn't dream that such greenhorns in the business as the laymen are could see such wonderful things happen in the way of leading men to God. Why, I supposed that a chap had to know a lot of theology and church history and be up on methods of personal work, and all that sort of thing before he had any chance of being useful in winning other men for the Lord, and the thing which amazes me yet is that men who know no more about the Bible than I, and lots of them who know even less, can get up before a bunch of men, tell their experience, show the fellows what's helped us, and actually see them yield and give their hearts to God. We had a meeting down here ten miles in the country last Friday evening. We felt that there was real power in the meeting from the very start. When the invitation was given six men, all of them thirty years of age or younger, came out and knelt down and all of them professed to be converted. One of them went right back to a group of his com-

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rades and brought two of them. The little village church was crowded and we felt that there were many there who were convicted of sin, but had made no move. And, what do you think, yesterday afternoon when I was posting up my books, there were three young fellows came into the office from that town and said they wanted to talk with me. I supposed they wanted to sell me some poultry or eggs, but they wanted to find the Saviour and they were in downright earnest about it. So I called up two or three of the fellows on the team and we went over to the church, and in an hour's time all three of those fellows were converted and went back home happy. We are going out again next Sunday and we hope to be able to hold meetings two or three evenings of the following week. The young fellows who came in yesterday said that there were at least a dozen young men who they were satisfied would yield if we'd have a few more services."

Bishop Homer C. Stuntz of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to whom these words were spoken, says in comment:

"I have said for some years that the next great spiritual awakening in North America would come when the membership of our churches threw themselves heartily into the work which had been too long left to the preachers and the Sunday-school workers. Why cannot this gospel team work spread over the whole nation? There are tens of thousands of our members who could be greatly used of God if they would only open their lips and begin to tell what Christ had done for them. Dead churches would be roused

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to action. Lost souls would be saved by the thousand. Every good cause would receive a new impetus, for this is God's plan for his Church. He intends that all the membership should be saying of the saving grace of Jesus Christ, 'And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Spirit whom God hath given to those that obey him.' "

LVII

A CHURCH AT WORK

A PASTOR who had the joy of ministering to a church that was growing rapidly was asked how he managed to win so many people.

His reply is illuminating :

“ One forgets discouragement in noting the enthusiasm and consecration of men who have—perhaps only a few weeks or months before—come from the saloon ; of women who for years refused to own themselves sinners ; of boys and girls who while still young in the Christian life, are leading their parents to church, and then to the communion table. A few days ago a man confessed Christ and united with the church, brought to a decision by his sixteen-year-old son. The lad had been a Christian but six months. The pastor had been unable to reach the man. Only a few weeks before the son’s conversion the wife had been led to Christ by a young woman in the church.

“ On the day that the father told me of his desire to unite with the Church, I had an unusual experience. The list of calls for the afternoon contained several addresses to which I had been asked by various members to go. In five of these homes three women and four men were found ready to make a public confession of Christ. The work had all been done by those

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who had asked me to call, part of it by a woman who can neither read nor write.

“Many of the members are thus seeking continually to win others for Christ. It is no uncommon occurrence to be called aside to hear the whisper, ‘I think you will find that So-and-So is ready to come into the Church.’

“The best illustration of the glorious readiness to do personal work is the story of twenty-four members received at a recent communion, all but one of whom came on confession.

“Most of the number were people of mature years. A grandfather, his wife, daughter, daughter-in-law, two brothers-in-law, with the wife and sister-in-law of one of them, were eight of the number. The coming of these eight was due, by God’s blessing, to one of our young men. He not only gave the first intimation that some of them were beginning to think of coming with us, in response to his pleas, but he continued his work to the very last afternoon, going to see four of them a few hours before evening service, when they were received. The eight were from four different homes.

“Three weeks before communion a deacon told me he had persuaded two friends to come. I did not even make a call on them.

“A young woman came to the session meeting, unannounced. She had been for twenty years a member of the Sunday school of which the church is an outgrowth. The explanation of her coming was given when a lady who had once been a teacher of the convert, but now lives far from the church, came to me after

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service and said, with tears in her eyes: 'I have prayed and worked for her for years, and now she has come.'

"Just before service there was a knock at the door of the study, and a woman, a member, ushered in two women with whom I had been working but whom I had given up for the time. She was their neighbor, and was anxious to see them take their stand for Christ. Her words had been owned of God, and so she brought her second and third converts since her own conversion. This great event in her own life had happened only a few months before, at an evening service to which she was brought by a woman who had previously influenced six to accept Christ.

"Thus thirteen have been accounted for. Three children from the Sunday school made sixteen.

"Number seventeen was brought to me by a Sunday-school teacher, who joyfully told me her pupil had accepted Christ as her Saviour.

"Number eighteen was an 'accident'—if such a word can be used in this connection. I had met rebuff when I called on her. One of the young women visitors employed by the church had likewise reported failure. Two weeks before communion she attended service. She was mistaken for another person, a friend. The one who made the mistake, greeted her after service, and addressing her by the name of her friend, said: 'Are you not ready to unite with the Church?' She hesitated a moment, then said: 'Yes, I am. But you have made a mistake. I am Mrs. X, not Mrs. A.'

"But the next in the list was the real Mrs. A. For ten months she had been delaying decision. The Sun-

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day evening after the 'accident' she responded to the invitation. Probably the coming of her friend, in consequence of the mistake, was all that was needed to bring her to the point of surrender.

"Number twenty's story is not known. Number twenty-one was brought by a young convert, her first fruits. Number twenty-two was brought by a Christian who had made her own confession six weeks before. Number twenty-three came by letter. Number twenty-four was persuaded to take her stand by several faithful friends in her Sunday-school class.

"In short, the explanation asked by those who know the church can be given in the words of Nehemiah: 'For the people had a mind to work.'"

LVIII

THE MAKING OF A CHRISTIAN WORKER

ONE of the foremost Christian workers in America, who has always been noted as a winner of men and women through personal conversation, was himself the fruit of the personal effort of faithful Christians.

This is the story of his life as he told it to the writer of this volume :

“ At sixteen I was a reckless boy. I was training with a bad crowd. I had left school and was working in a small factory. Among the one hundred and forty-eight men employed there, there was only one Christian. It was this Christian who gave me my first impulse for good. One day we were standing near each other as we worked, when he said, ‘ I notice you are pretty intimate with some of the men whom a boy of your age ought not to have anything to do with. What do your father and mother think of your association with them? Are they Christians? Have they ever spoken to you about being a Christian? ’

“ I replied that mother had spoken to me often on the subject, that she had said she knew I would be a Christian some day, for she was praying for me.

“ After the first Christian conversation anyone outside of my home ever had with me, I was more cau-

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tious in my dealings with the men, for I wanted the good opinion of the old man who had spoken to me. But there was no change in my life.

“A year later an evangelist came to town. Father stood up at one of the meetings and asked the people to pray for his two sons, who were not Christians. Next day one of my chums told me of this request and I became very indignant. Storming with rage, I went home and reminded my father and mother that I was earning my own living and was paying my board, so I was my own man. I told them I would have nothing to do with the meetings or with any old bunch of hypocrites, and I didn’t want their prayers.

“That night, in order to assert my independence, I deliberately went to the lowest, most debasing theatrical performance in the city. Some of us had planned to do certain things after the theater which would be infinitely more corrupting than the performance itself. In my sullen spirit of rebellion I had determined to go just as deeply into sin as possible.

“Accordingly, at eleven o’clock, I stood with my hand on the knob of the door on the other side of which was black hell. Up to that moment I had been determined to follow my own will no matter where it should lead me. But as I touched the knob a tremendous feeling of restraint took possession of me, and with it a sense of fear of some danger which I did not understand. So I turned away from that place and walked home very thoughtfully.

“It was just before midnight when I reached home. But mother was waiting up for me. As I entered the living room she rose and with a cry of mighty relief

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and joy, she said, 'Boy, I am so glad that you have come home safe. All the time we were at the meeting to-night and after we came home I felt that some terrible danger was threatening you. Your father prayed for you before he went to bed, and I have been praying for you ever since.'

"I laughed at her for her foolish fears and told her it would have been much wiser to have gone to bed and got her rest; I was old enough to take care of myself. With that I went to bed.

"That night I dreamed that I was walking across a level field when I saw an opening in the ground. There was a stairway in the opening, so I descended the flight. Before me was a great iron gate which opened of itself, and closed again behind me. Other stairs and other gates were passed in like manner. Curious, I pressed on till I heard shrieks and cries of anguish. The sounds made me wish to turn back. I tried to do so, but found that the gate nearest me was fast locked. I could not move it. My terror increased as I waited, for the terrible sounds increased. In anguish I cried for help. Next thing I knew I was sitting up in bed, and mother was by my side, eager to learn what was wrong. I would not tell her.

"After she had gone I lay quiet and for the first time in my life I began to think about my soul and its peril. What if the door to life should really close on me! I thought of the good old man who had pleaded with me to become a Christian, and I compared him with the brutal companions of my choice. I thought of my gentle mother and of her assurance that her prayers for me would be answered. And then I

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prayed. 'O God,' I said, 'if you will take me, a poor, foolish, wicked boy, forgive my sins and accept my life, even here and now, I will give myself to thee.'

"Of course the answer came at once. I knew that a great question had been settled once for all.

"Next day I rose with great peace in my heart and went to the factory without telling father and mother of the change in me. That night, as they were starting for service, I offered to go along. I shall never forget the look of joy on their faces. And I shall never forget that service. I went into the inquiry meeting and confessed Christ there.

"The next step was to seek my mother's pastor and ask him for guidance. Unfortunately I came to him when he was deep in a book. 'Mother thinks I ought to tell you that I want to be a good boy,' I began. 'Well, I am sure I am very glad to hear that you want to be a good boy,' he said. 'That is what you ought to be. But you'll have to excuse me now, I am busy.' Of course I excused myself at once, resolved never to enter his house again.

"Fortunately the pastor of the church where the meetings had been held (not my mother's own church) came to the house next day when I was present. He loved boys, and he showed his love by the way he talked to me. You would have thought I was his chum.

"As he left the room, he told me that a company of young people would meet the next Sunday to organize a Christian Endeavor Society, and he invited me to attend. I accepted the invitation, and so began the experience in the society which transformed my life.

"Lessons learned in the Christian Endeavor Society

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made me eager for Christian service. One evening I was sitting on the back fence with a boy friend, to whom I said, 'Charlie, there are eighteen boys in our bunch. I don't believe I have ever seen one of them at prayer meeting. I think we ought to go.' He had a number of objections, but these were all put aside. Finally he said, 'Let's get the bunch out to-night.'

"Names were divided, and we set out to get them together. It was arranged that we should meet at the church, half an hour before prayer meeting time, and that we should have a little prayer meeting of our own.

"After this meeting we went into the large room. I shall never forget the look of pleased surprise on the face of the pastor when we marched in and took our places in a body on one side of the church. As there were only twenty others present, our coming was noteworthy.

"Our coming appealed to the girls of the Christian Endeavor Society, and they arranged to bring their company to prayer meeting. The following Wednesday evening they came in just after us, and there were about as many of them. They sat opposite us. How we young people sang!

"Within six weeks the prayer meeting had increased to such an extent that the chapel had to be abandoned for the main auditorium. The whole congregation was stirred. More special meetings were held, and there was a harvest of souls.

"The next step was taken when we decided that boys from other churches should be asked to our prayer meeting. We made a list of the boy members

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of six churches near us, appointed a place for the first meeting, arranged for a leader and planned to ask the boys. The first leader was to appoint the place for the next meeting and the leader.

“At the first union prayer meeting more than fifty boys were present. Soon there were three hundred in attendance. Interest was great. There was scarcely a meeting when one or more boys did not accept Christ.

“I can see those boys now. A number of them became ministers who are known all over the land. More became earnest Christian educators. Others became Christian business men and professional men. It would surprise people if they could know how many leaders in Christian work date to that boys’ meeting their first inspiration to Christian service.”

ELEVEN
VARIOUS METHODS

LIX

FIVE SOUL WINNERS

THERE are many ways of winning to Christ those who are not his followers. Probably no two Christians can or should work in exactly the same way. A study of the Bible instances of personal work for souls shows this variety of methods. Philip approached a traveler on a lonely road (Acts 8: 30). Andrew went after his own brother Simon (John 1: 40). Four men carried to Jesus one who was so feeble he was unable to go himself (Mark 2: 3). Every Christian who honestly seeks God's guidance will be guided to what is the proper way for him to adopt in dealing with each individual.

A college student made up his mind that it was his duty to ask a certain classmate to become a Christian. He hesitated long, afraid of his reception. He knew the man was careless and profane. Would it be better to use some indirect method of approach to him? God told him that this was not the proper way in this case, so he determined to go to the man and deliver his message in a straightforward manner. His knees shook as he put his hand on the knob of the classmate's door. With a prayer for help he entered, went up to his friend, and said, "James, I wish you'd take my Saviour for yours." To his astonishment

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James answered at once, with a sob in his voice, "I've just been waiting to have you say that to me."

A young Christian sought his pastor. "I know I ought to go and bring men to Christ," he said. "But I can't. My words stick in my throat. What shall I do?" The wise pastor said: "Go back to your work determined that by God's grace you will do better work than you ever did before. Live your Christianity. Then something will happen." He was right. Fellow workmen began to take notice. They realized that there was a change in the young man. Somehow they were influenced by the change. In a few months several of them had been led to Christ by the silent testimony of the workman whose words would stick in his throat.

One writer has told of the conversion of two infidels through the godly, patient, silent lives of two educated Christian women. The wife of one dared not speak to him had she chosen. Both women thought it best not to speak. They suffered; they prayed; and they waited. After many a weary year their waiting was crowned with success. The men became Christians.

A humble Mexican Christian was tongue-tied when he tried to speak before a religious gathering. "But out in the mountains, on the road or in the humble homes of the poor, he could tell the gospel story better than the most eloquent preacher"; and many, hearing him, became Christians.

The secret of that Christian's success in leading others to Christ was his readiness to follow God's guidance and his use of the Word of God. The secret of success for us is not different.

LX

ON THE LOOKOUT

A CHRISTIAN worker who has been signally successful in winning men to Christ has told, in "The Triumphant Ministry," of the plan he has followed:

"I have found it convenient, when introduced to a man, to find out in some way or other where he stands in relation to the Lord Jesus Christ and the Church; and if the way is open I do business for Jesus Christ there and then.

"I make it my business to book engagements with men to talk about their personal relation to Christ and the Church. Day before yesterday business led me to the bank. In the cue before the cashier's window was a man I have been 'working on' for three years. I asked him to give me a few moments aside when he was through with his business. When he came aside and took my hand, I said: 'Friend, the communion season is one week from Sunday. Won't you decide for Jesus Christ without further delay?' Taking my hand in both of his, he said: 'See me again; I promise to think seriously between now and then.'

"I left him to visit a store where five young women who attend our church are at work. One of these had two mates in the Sunday school and she took me to talk with two of them. Both of these decided for

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Christ and will come into the Church. Then I hastened to the office of a young lawyer who, three weeks ago, accepted Christ, to see how it was going with him. He had had a 'blue night' the evening before. In his private office I counseled and encouraged him. Then to my barber shop. As I went out one of the proprietors was alone, and I sat on the bench beside him. It was an opportune time, and for fifty minutes I talked to this new prospect about Christ—what he had done for me, and what he could do for him.

"Yesterday I had a funeral. After it was over, I had to visit another home into which death had stalked. When I left there I went to a factory to talk about Christ to the proprietor. He was occupied, but his daughter at the desk, a member of the Sunday school, though not a Christian, seemed ready for my approach. So I talked to her and she decided to come next Sunday morning into the Church. From there I went to a large manufactory for a close conference with one of the proprietors. I waited ten minutes for him; then we pulled our chairs together and, like men, talked about Christ and what we owed him. When we shook hands, I did not have his surrender to Christ, but he thanked me for the visit and for my interest in him."

LXI

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

A YOUNG woman in New York was in dire distress. At the funeral of her father she learned from her brother that he was a hopeless drunkard, and he said that neither she nor his mother would ever see him again. When the estate of her father was settled, it was learned that he had lost his fortune. Then the young man to whom she was engaged asked to be released from the engagement.

She felt that life was no longer worth living, and she thought of committing suicide.

But just at this time, H. Roswell Bates, pastor of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, learned of her need.

"He won her at once by his understanding sympathy and his sincere desire to help," Mr. Bates' biographer writes. "He told her, as he always tried to tell to those in trouble, that there was One, and only one, to whom she might turn, and that was Christ. He asked her to read her New Testament. She replied that during her college course she had studied the New Testament in Greek in order to prove the fallacy of all Christian claims, but she was willing to do anything Mr. Bates asked of her. He told her to read each day a few verses from the Gospel of John, and to try to believe the reality and the truth of what she read. He

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then gave her a list of the names of about twenty families in the poorest quarter of lower New York, and asked her to visit one of these families each day until she had called on them all. This would take her about a month. She promised to do all of this as best she could, and went away. Throughout the month Mr. Bates prayed earnestly to God that what he had told her might be used as the means of bringing her to herself."

Faithfully she kept her promise, but without apparent result till she visited the last home on her list. There she found a pleasing company. But they had not always been pleasing. Once their home was as bad or even worse than most of the homes in the neighborhood, the mother explained. Both she and her husband drank and quarreled, the children had few clothes and little to eat. And then a change had taken place. One night her husband came home sober. He said that he was never going to drink again. Down at the church some one had talked to him, and asked him to join the Men's League. He promised to live a different kind of life. His wife laughed at him. She gave him two weeks to keep straight. He kept straight for a year. He was a changed man. There were better food and more clothes for the children. A year from the time that he had taken the step towards a new life, she went with him to the church. Now they were both active members. "We found Christ," the mother said. "He changed our lives and led us to God our heavenly Father. And then she asked the young woman to pray with her. The girl could not. How could she? For she had never been taught even a

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child's prayer; but she opened the Testament which Mr. Bates had given her and read from it.

That night was the turning point in the visitor's life. Soon afterward, when she applied for membership in the Spring Street Church, she declared she had become the happiest woman in the world because she had found Christ.

LXII

FINDING THE WAY TO HIS HEART

HE spent his days in the factory near the church and, when evening came, he was ready for a lark. Seldom was he to be found at home. So the calls of some of those who were interested in him were useless. He would not come to church, and he would avoid the church people in the street, as if he were afraid of being trapped into conversation on religious themes.

"Why should I go to church?" he said. "There's nothing there for me. I must work for a living, and I must have a good time when work is done. No, thank you, I think I'll cut out the church."

After a while, for his sake and for the sake of others like him who wanted a good time in the evenings, a gymnasium was installed in the church basement. Many of the young men became interested. They had regular gymnasium instruction and they organized a basket ball team.

Three or four of them made it a rule to talk gymnasium and basket ball in the presence of the young man who would have nothing to do with the church. Nothing was said to him about Sunday school, or attendance at church. It was not long before he began to ask questions about the sports of the young men of the church. Then he hinted that he would like to visit the gymnasium. An invitation was given, and he was

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on hand. Still nothing was said to him on any subject but sport.

“Let’s go slow,” one of the wise fishers of men said to his pastor. “He’s wary; so please don’t say a word to him. We’ll land him yet.”

Soon the wary factory worker was found on the floor on the nights given to young men. When the basket ball season opened, he was chosen a member of the team. Night after night he was in the company of the choice young men of the church. The pastor was sometimes seen in the gymnasium, and the young workingman lost his dread of him when he found he was saying nothing about religion.

Of course it was not long before he was found at the church services; then he appeared at the Bible class. Why not? His associates were there. He would go, too.

Soon the way was open for his friends in the church to urge him to accept Christ. Then came an evening service when the invitation to accept Christ was given at the close of a gospel talk; it was customary in that church to call those not Christians to definite and immediate decision. The first to respond was the young factory worker, for whom so many associates had been fishing so long. He became an earnest Christian, and was proud to be so known among his fellows at the factory.

LXIII

ONE GIDEON'S WORK FOR YOUNG MEN

IN the past few years a Chicago commercial traveler, a Gideon, has led over eight hundred boys and young men to Christ. "I simply use good salesmanship in paving the way for my introduction, and God does the rest," he says, in speaking of his success.

His work is not done in a Sunday-school class, in a church, or in a school, but everywhere he goes—on the streets, on the train, and in the hotels—he finds work to do and a fruitful field. He makes it a rule never to go on a train without asking God to point out the young man with whom God would have him talk. His plan is to find a seat with some young man or boy. In a quiet, tactful way he engages the boy in conversation, learns where his home is, where he is going, if his parents are dear to him, and of his faith. Then God does the rest.

He has eight hundred and forty-one names and addresses of young men whom he has pointed to the Master, and a large correspondence is maintained with them and their parents, and with pastors to whom he has committed many for oversight.

A large proportion of the bell boys in city hotels have left their homes because of rebellion against their parents' authority. Possibly this Gideon's greatest suc-

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cess is among these bell boys. He lays his plans carefully and, while many cases may seem to fail to bring the desired result, no case is a failure when God speaks through the lips of such a witness.

His method with bell boys is simple. During the day, or when he is about to retire for the night, he calls for stationery, ice water, or some other article. The call is answered by a bell boy, who quickly responds to inquiries when he finds that the Gideon is interested in him and in his troubles. The name of his mother is soon introduced, and his life's story obtained. The story of the One who bears our trials and saves us from them, and who is the boy's friend, is then told. A scripture text, a gospel, and some interesting tract containing boys' experiences are given. Then the question is asked, "Shall we not ask God to lead us and to keep us, and make us his during the days to come?"

Marvelous results frequently follow. The stubborn will is broken. God is represented to this young man as a great power house; a wire from the mighty dynamo is at hand, and the young man is persuaded to keep his "trolley" on the wire. A local pastor is put in charge of him, or he decides to return home to his parents at once. Letters go home to "mother" from both the Gideon and the boy. These are followed by many other letters. This new-found friend who has led the lad to a greater Friend has had the privilege of reading many of the replies from some of the boy converts.

One writes: "I am glad I ever found Christ and you. Though we have met but once, I shall never for-

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get you. I became a member of the Presbyterian church at Forty-first Street and Grand Boulevard, yesterday."

Another says: "That day I met you on the train, I hardly believed you. I thought you were a sharker. I am certainly keeping my 'trolley' where it belongs, and if it does leave the wire once in a while, I lose no time in getting it back on." This young man has since married a Christian girl and has started a Christian home.

A third writes: "You have been remembered in prayer each morning and evening, and my thoughts often dwell on our chance (?) acquaintance. The Lord certainly sent you to me. Your little talk has brought more joy into the world than you may have thought."

A cabin boy on a lake boat, found to be a high school graduate, was interviewed. The boy had left home because his father had threatened his arrest if he continued to be on the street, after he was discharged for tardiness by an employer. His school friends told him his father and mother said they never wanted to see him again. After an hour's talk, he fell on his knees and gave his heart to God. Then the Gideon wrote to the father that he was repentant, and the boy returned to his mother, a Christian boy. His father promised to love him and receive him with open arms.

This Gideon spent two weeks in a hospital, because of a case of fever. While there he looked about him for a chance to serve. Among the boys there was one who had been badly burned by a live trolley wire. He found Christ in the hospital ward, went home, joined

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the church, married a Christian girl, and now has a happy home where Christ reigns. He writes, "I have thought so many times that God must have put us both in the hospital for a purpose. What a glorious thing it is to be a Christian! It seems like a new world to me. I am going to live for him who died for me, the rest of my life, if I do nothing else. I don't know how I am ever going to thank you for what you have done for me."

This Gideon is doing "a man's job," a job that pays the largest possible dividends for time and for eternity.

TWELVE
HINTS FROM THE MISSION FIELD

LXIV

WINNING MEN IN CHINA

IN "The New Era in Asia," Sherwood Eddy has told of the experience of Chang Po-ling, who has been called the Arnold of North China by reason of his work for the education of young men. When he was president of a model educational institution in Tientsin he became acquainted with an Englishman who was greatly concerned because the eminent Chinese teacher was an atheist and a pessimist.

Together the men studied the Bible, especially the life of Christ. But the Chinese sage felt unable to come to a decision.

The night before Mr. Chang was to leave for America, as a member of an imperial commission, his friend spoke to him again of Christ and asked him if he would join him in prayer.

In telling of that conference, "Chang said that, as he knelt to pray, it seemed as if a great light filled his soul and flooded his whole being. His conversion seemed almost as clear and instantaneous and revolutionary as the blinding vision of the apostle Paul himself. He knelt an agnostic, he rose a Christian; he knelt a pessimist, he rose an optimist. The face of all the world seemed changed; he looked out upon a new heaven and a new earth. The whole night he could not sleep for joy. In the morning he said, 'I

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have been drifting for ten years like a ship at sea without chart or compass; now I know where I am going.' He hastened to Tientsin, and spent the first day with his family telling them of his decision. The next day he went to his college and called together the teachers and students, and finally the Board of Directors. The young man with glowing face told them why he had become a Christian, and, opening the Scriptures, reasoned with them with that loving sympathy and joyous enthusiasm that to this day mark his every utterance. He resigned his college position that his presence as a Christian might not embarrass the administration, for he could not bow to the tablet of Confucius. The next day he journeyed to Peking, and spent the day with the officials, boldly telling them the reasons for his decision. A whole week was spent with these men, especially with the Commissioner of Education, who was his best friend. Opening his heart, and opening up the Scripture as well, he told them of his wonderful experience. Finally, they said: 'Well, be a Christian if you must, but be a Christian in secret. Do not resign your college position; we cannot spare you. Simply bow to the tablet of Confucius; it is only an empty, outward form, and you can believe what you like in your heart.' But Chang stood firm and, with his winsome smile, said: 'A few days ago One came to dwell within my heart. He has changed all life for me forever. I dare not bow to any other, lest he depart.' When urged by some of his Christian friends to be more cautious, he said, 'I want everybody to know that Chang Poling has become a Christian.' "

On his return from America Mr. Chang was asked

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to become President of his old college as a recognized Christian. There, ever since, his influence has been pronounced, not only in the college but throughout the city. During Mr. Eddy's visit to the city, when evangelistic meetings were held, he was an effective personal worker.

"After one of the meetings," Mr. Eddy says, "the writer saw him step up to a non-Christian Chinese gentleman of wealth and position. He said: 'My friend, I have been praying for you daily by name for many months. Will you not now decide to accept Christ as your Saviour?' 'I will,' replied the man. 'You have long studied the matter; will you not be baptized and join our church to-morrow morning?' Chang asked. Again came the reply, 'I will,' and the writer saw this man with some of the government students admitted to the Church the next morning."

XLV

WINNING FELLOW WORKMEN

IN 1858, in Ning-po, China, Hudson Taylor was attracted by a basket maker named Neng-Kuei, who sought the company of the native Christians because he felt they had something which he wanted. Soon he became a Christian. Then he began to bring his friends, until a number of these also were Christians, persuaded by him to decide for Christ.

The basket maker was persecuted and ridiculed by associates who were not in sympathy with his new life; but he was unmoved. He became still more active. Everywhere he went he talked to men, and in his steps there were many mission stations the beginning of which was due to his work.

The way was opened by misfortune for one of his most efficient bits of service for others. In order to attend service on Sunday, he asked for one day in seven for himself. His employer consented, but insisted that he do seven days' work in six, and for six days' pay. However, when the busy season for basket makers came, the agreement was forgotten; Neng-Kuei was informed that he must work on Sunday.

"Come to-morrow or not at all," was the only response to the Christian's plea for a day for worship.

Neng-Kuei chose dismissal. On Sunday he attended service. On Monday he sought employment with other

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basket makers, only to find every door closed to him. No one seemed to want a skilled basket weaver, although it was the season when such workers were in demand. Of course the truth was evident; the Christian had been blacklisted because he insisted on keeping Sunday.

"The Devil is having hard at me," he thought. "If he will not let me have other employment, I will give my time to working for Christ."

So he spent the remainder of that day distributing tracts and talking religion to those he met in the streets and the tea houses.

There were many interested listeners, but the most interested proved to be Wang, a farmer who had come from a distant section because he felt that somehow in Ning-po he would find satisfaction for the discontent that made his life a weariness.

Here is the remainder of the story as told by Doctor Taylor in "The Growth of a Soul."

"What was that he heard? A simple working man like himself was leaning across one of the tables, talking with those nearest to him. Something about the 'Jesus-doctor' he said, and about sins being forgiven. Greatly interested Wang drew nearer, and he listened for the first time to the tidings of salvation.

"Neng-Kuei's heart was full that day, and he talked long and earnestly. Some went out and some came in, but the farmer never lost a word. When Neng-Kuei had finished he introduced himself, and asked many questions. Seeing his interest Neng-Kuei said:

"'You must draw water yourself from the fountain. There is a Book God has given us in which everything

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is made plain. You shall have a copy and study the matter fully.'

" 'Alas,' replied the farmer, 'I do not know how to read, and I am too old to learn.'

" 'Far from it!' exclaimed Neng-Kuei. 'For with the Glad Tidings an easy method of reading has been brought to us. I did not know a single character when I became a Christian, but now I can read the New Testament quite easily. If you like, I will be your teacher. Let us begin at once.'

" Wang needed no second invitation. It did not take long to move his few belongings to the house in which the basket maker lodged, and before the sun went down he had mastered the first six letters of the alphabet, besides acquiring a much fuller knowledge of spiritual things."

The farmer was introduced later at the mission, where it was found by Doctor Taylor that he was an earnest Christian. He remained at Ning-po for some months, supporting himself as a grass cutter; and when he returned home he "set apart the best room in his house as a little chapel in which for fifty years he lovingly and faithfully made known the Gospel."

Another instance of Neng-Kuei's faithfulness in Christian service has been told by Doctor Taylor. A house decorator was one day at work in a beautiful home, decorating one of the guest halls. Presently a stir began; servants came hurrying from the inner apartments, a man with a load of baskets was ushered in and several ladies, richly dressed, came in to give their orders. Of all this the painter on his scaffolding took little notice. But when the ladies began to speak

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in tones of annoyance he pricked up his ears to listen to their words.

“ ‘What! Not make baskets for holding incense?’ they said.

“ ‘Do not be angry, ladies,’ replied the basket maker. ‘I am sorry not to do as you wish, but I cannot make or sell anything for the worship of idols.’

“ ‘And why not?’ was the astonished question.

“ ‘I am a believer in the Lord Jesus,’ Neng-Kuei answered, respectfully, ‘a worshiper of the true and living God.’

“ Then he went on to put before these ladies the way of pardon and peace through a dying Saviour.”

The ladies grew uneasy and left the room; but the decorator left his scaffold and asked eagerly to be told what the basket maker had said.

“ You did not see me,” he said. “ I am painting up there,” indicating his ladder. “ Tell me again what you were saying.”

The conversation was repeated, and the decorator decided to become a Christian. He proved his earnestness by a long life of devoted service.

LXVI

THE MOST IMPORTANT TASK

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about the American tour of Dan Crawford the African missionary, made in 1914, was his intense earnestness. Always he seemed to have the feeling that the time at his disposal for Christian work was brief at best and that he must work every possible minute, even if he robbed himself of sleep and recreation in the process. W. R. Moody wrote to *The British Weekly* of one phase of this unceasing activity:

“In railway trains, in private houses, in hotels and everywhere Mr. Crawford has been indefatigable in his labors in seeking to bring men and women to a personal knowledge of Christ as their Saviour. There are scores, if not hundreds, of those whose lives he has touched who have become conscious of a man who lives his life according to standards with which they have been heretofore unfamiliar, to whom the unseen world and spiritual verities are a constant reality.”

From Japan comes the story of a missionary who was just as thoroughgoing in his personal presentation of Christ to those he met. Once, while on a railway journey, he was talking with an educated native about a great scandal that had recently disgraced the country. Quickly and skillfully the missionary turned the conversation until he was presenting Christ as the cure

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for all such evils in national and personal life. The conversation led the native to study Christianity. Soon he became a Christian.

This missionary's biographer says: "In and out of the home he preached the gospel. His case of minerals and fossils would be used to tell the story of the great onward march of the unknown under divine control; and the books that lined his study walls would come down from their shelves to speak some new message of truth and light to an eager caller." Others were inspired by him to similar faithfulness. For instance, the owner of a marble quarry felt that his one great ambition was "to Christianize his marble works and make them a part of the kingdom of God; then to Christianize the whole neighborhood."

Must Christians at home be taught by workers in mission lands that their first duty is to bring others to Christ?

LXVII

FISHERS OF MEN

AN American living in Shanghai was crossing one of the city bridges when his attention was attracted by an unusual sight. Shanghai is a flat city, all on a level except the bridges, which are high and present rather a steep incline on each side. The four or five coolies who pull the carts along the street get along well enough on the level; but when they come to a bridge, with their overloaded carts, they frequently cannot get over. They rest a few minutes, then tug away manfully and finally manage, straining and panting, to pull to the top. But at this bridge the American saw a well dressed Chinese gentlemen, an acquaintance of his, far above the coolie class, go to the assistance of a cart that was stuck, lay hold of the rope and give just the extra help needed to take the load up the incline.

This was such a surprising incident—for why should a gentleman help the despised coolies?—that the American joined his Chinese friend when he let go of the rope (after speaking a few moments to the coolies) and said to him:

“I see you take a very practical interest in the laboring classes.”

“That is my work,” said the Chinese, gravely. “Whenever I see them unable to pull their loads, I

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help them to the top; and then I have a chance for a few moments to preach the gospel to them. I tell them I help them because I am a Christian, and love Jesus. And if I see a wheelbarrow upset in the street (a very common occurrence) I help the man replace his load, and I preach the gospel to him."

The two men separated at the door of the gentleman's office. But the American was deeply impressed. And no wonder. Here was Christian love and humanity that reached across the gulf of caste and made brotherhood a real and daily thing.

LXVIII

A JEW'S WORK FOR JEWS

MOSES GITLIN, a clean-cut young man of nineteen whose appearance was a delight, told the author this story of his conversion and Christian work:

“When I was a boy of sixteen in the village of Krivoi Rog, Russia, I was always looking for fellowship with people. I read Russian books about brotherhood. I was attracted especially by the revolutionists because they called one another brother and told of a day when all would be brothers.

“I had a good opportunity to learn about the revolutionists, for my older sister was one of them. I saw that they did not love each other a bit now, and I wondered how there could be love in the future through their teachings.

“One day I passed by a Russian Protestant church. Curious, I went in. The first thing that surprised me was that this, a Christian church, was a simple building; there were no pictures, no images, no forms of service.

“I don't remember the subject of the preaching. No part of the service made any special impression on me. But when the meeting was over and the Christians saluted each other and shook hands, showing their love for one another, calling each other brother and

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sister, I was attracted. Here was what I had been looking for. I had never seen such a love. That was the kind of life I wanted to see among my people.

"I wanted to see more of this life, so I went to the meetings many times. Every time I was glad to hear the preaching and the songs; but always I was most impressed by the salutations.

"I began to think of the way of the people in that church, of the way in the Greek church, of the way in the Jewish synagogue. There is no love between the members in the synagogue; religion does not bring together as brethren the synagogue people. In the Greek church this was even more true.

" 'If there could be the same love between nations, how good it would be,' I thought. Then I asked myself, 'Why shouldn't we all feel like brethren?'

"As I attended more of those meetings, I saw reason why the Christians have love one to another. I realized that the people are not good just because they make up their mind to be good. Some of those very people had been enemies of the Jews. One of the young men of the Young People's Meeting I remembered from my boyhood days because he used to ask me for a penny, and when I would not give it to him he would punch me. Now he called me brother. I saw that it was their faith made such a difference in their life. I came to the conclusion that the reason they loved so was because they followed the teachings of Jesus Christ.

"I was glad to be in the home of a family that went to the meetings; they asked me to go to their home when they stopped to speak to me at the church. They

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tried to show me that Jesus is the Jewish Messiah. They told me that I am a sinner, that there is no forgiveness of sin except by the shedding of blood, that the Jews can no more make a sacrifice for sin, but that God prepared once for all a sacrifice, his only begotten Son, that whosoever believes on him should not perish but have everlasting life.

"I did not believe. 'If I join them,' I thought, 'it means I betray my nationality.' Right away I pictured how I would be persecuted. Parents would not let me live at home. 'It is good for them, not for me,' I decided. But I decided to keep on going to the meetings for a good time.

"As I realized more that I was a sinner and that I would perish unless I gave my heart to Jesus Christ, I saw that eternity was more precious than parents and the other good things of life.

"Once a converted Jewish woman said to me, 'If you are really afraid of your parents or of the Jews, God will help you by prayer.' I was in a Christian home at the time. We all knelt down. I was asked to pray. I told them I could not. They asked if they might pray for me. They knelt down. I stood. They prayed. My heart was touched. I fell down—not knelt down—on my knees. My lips were opened the first time in a heart prayer. Of course I had prayed before—but these were book prayers.

"Later, in the church, I was ashamed to kneel down, because there were many Jews there. Right away came a desire that Jews who did not know truth should know and believe. I realized there could be no peace between Jew and Gentile till all were converted to

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Christ. I wanted the salvation of my people. I must show them an example. I asked God to give me strength to kneel down. He did.

"Jews became interested. They asked me why I took up Christian work. I became the talk of the town. The Jews went to the meetings just to see and hear a converted Jew.

"I wanted the salvation of my nation, but I did not know the Scripture well enough to seek it. I took the Bible and searched the Scripture, for I did not know enough to show that Christ is the Messiah.

"I went to my personal friends and started to tell them my experience in finding brotherhood and that this was the only way to find love. Then I told them we sinners must seek eternal life and take Christ, our Sacrifice. I tried to show them how many Scriptures were fulfilled in Christ, because I wanted to bring them to Christ.

"Then I showed them that before I had always been trying to live a moral life, but I was always a sinner. I did not have power in myself to resist evil. When I prayed for power it came, and I could resist evil. So I showed them how God gives us power to be good.

"A fourth way I tried to convert people was to show that if we look to the personal life of individual followers of other religions, their beliefs never bring them to a pure life, but that the thirty or forty Christians in the town were living a life that socialists and others longed to live and could not.

"A girl friend was the first converted. My sister came next, who was once a revolutionist leader and later had been a Zionist in Palestine.

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"I tried to deny myself that I might win others to Christ. When people turn from me, I have tried to pray the Lord to forgive them. My mother is not a Christian. I try to show her what a son's life should be; I want to be such a son as Jesus would be. I take her all I earn, and ask her for what I need. I kiss her morning and night. She says she comes home from market where she hears mothers talking of their sons, and she knows she has the happiest home. She will be a Christian.

"In April, 1913, I came to America. Mother wanted me to come because she thought I would get with my brother, a wealthy real estate man, away from my Christian friends, and I would forget all for gold. She thought I would be like my sister, changing from one thing to another. I wanted to come because it was hard to be baptized in Russia. If I had my name changed from Jew to Gentile, people would say I had done this for an easier life; you know the Jews in Russia are not allowed to live anywhere they like or do as they like. So I left Russia a Jew on my passport, but everybody knew I was a Christian.

"The first week in New York I was on the streets, looking for a sign I could read something to remind me of Christians. (I had learned a little English in Russia).

"The first church I saw was a Sunday school. I went, but could not understand.

"Next day I passed a building which had the sign, 'Beth Sar Shalom,' in Hebrew, or 'The House of the Prince of Peace.' I learned afterward that this was the Williamsburg Mission to the Jews. The build-

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ing was closed. Next day I came back. I found half a Jewish tract on the pavement; it had been torn by someone to whom it had been given. Reading this I was sure I had found a Christian church.

"That evening I returned and found a woman at the door. We talked in German. She asked me in. It was something like the first Christian meeting in Russia. I introduced myself after the close of the meeting as a Russian Christian. Three weeks later I was baptized.

"At first I supported myself at my trade, making caps. But all cap makers are Jews, and they work seven days a week. So I had to give up work at my trade and find other work.

"I would speak to people outside the church after the meeting was over. The Jews were in crowds on the street. I would come among them and give them my opinions after hearing theirs, at first speaking as a stranger. I knew they would not listen to me if they knew I was a Christian. They would make fun and say that the missionary gave me money for doing this work, that missionaries don't work, they have an easy time; they get money for preaching.

"When my chance came I would say, 'I am a Christian, a workingman, working just as hard as you; but I am preaching because I know how much you need salvation.' "

The convert was unwilling to tell in detail of his efforts to win the Jews. Those who know him have told of his persistence in the work in the face of opposition and persecution, and of his success in many

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instances. But of these he would say nothing. He feels that his life belongs to God, and that he must work for God in spite of persecution; and God is blessing his efforts.

THIRTEEN
SIX WITNESSES AT WORK

LXIX

A LIFE OF PERSONAL WORK

WHEN Frances Ridley Havergal, the daughter of an English clergyman, was fourteen years old she was sent from home to a private school. The night before she left home her sister Ellen introduced a subject that she felt could not be neglected at this most important time in the young girl's life. In her autobiography Miss Havergal has told of the sister's appeal:

"Ellen stood by me, brushing my hair, and taking the last opportunity of loving counsel. She told me that I was going to begin a new chapter in my life. I was captiously disposed, and rather wanted to avoid a serious conversation, so I answered carelessly, for I knew by the tone of her voice what she wanted to lead on to. But it would not do. She went on till I was softened—a most unusual thing under the process of being talked to, which generally had the most opposite effect. She spoke of God's love, and of how pleasant and sweet a thing it was to love him who first loved us. I could not stand it, and for the first time for five years I spoke out. 'I can't love God yet, Nellie,' was all I said, but I felt a great deal more."

The first few months of the school term passed, and there was a time of special spiritual interest in the school. Frances had not yet become a Christian

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when a young schoolmate came to her, threw her arm about her, and said, "Oh, Fanny, the blessing has come to me at last. Jesus has forgiven me, I know. He is my Saviour, and I am so happy. He is such a Saviour as I never imagined. He has not cast me out; he said so, and he says so to you. Only come to him and he will receive you. Even now he loves you though you do not know it." She explained that her first impulse in her new found joy was to desire that her friends should possess what it had been given to her to find.

A little later a teacher asked her why she could not trust herself to Jesus. This time the young girl responded to the appeal. From that day she dated her conversion.

And almost from that day she was a tireless worker for the souls of others. At first she was timid and constrained, but in later years she gained confidence. One who has written of her life says that "her skill in difficult spheres of action became signally great. She was an adept in the art of speaking for Christ. She could do it in social meetings, in parlor readings, and in conversation with individuals, in such a manner that, though it might sometimes fail in making a conquest, yet it did not alienate the individual either from herself or from religion. She did it, too, where need required, under circumstances ordinarily considered unfavorable. At a large party, for example, when asked to sing, she selected a spiritual song and rendered it with such feeling that it subdued the giddy throng into dead silence. Writing of this incident, she said: 'Afterward I had two really important conversations

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with strangers. One seemed extremely surprised at finding himself quite easily drifted from the bandinage with which he started, into a right down personal talk about his danger and his only hope for safety; he took it very well, and thanked me.' ”

Once she said: “ Somehow it is wonderful how the Master manages for me in such cases. I don't think anyone can say that I force the subject; it just develops, one thing out of another, quite naturally, till very soon they find themselves face to face with eternal things, and the Lord Jesus can be freely lifted up before them. I could not contrive a conversation thus.”

In her autobiography she told the story of the writing of the hymn,

“ Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.”

“ I went for a little visit of five days,” she says. “ There were ten persons in the home, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, ‘ Lord, Jesus, give me all in this home.’ And he just did. Before I left the house everyone had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in personal renewal of my own consecration; and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with,

‘ Ever, only, all for thee !’ ”

Another extract from the autobiography shows how the Christian who is faithful in speaking to others

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about Christ may be used to reach some of whom there has been no thought :

“Yesterday I somehow came to a good full stop in my writing much earlier than I expected, and asked what he would have me do next, go on, or go out at once. Just then a young lady came in, and asked me if I had a few minutes to spare. So I went out with her at once. She had overheard a short chat I had had some days ago with another, and it had set her longing for something more than she had got. She had started out for a walk alone, thinking and praying, and the thought came to her to come straight to me, which she seemed to think an unaccountably bold step. Well, God seemed to give me exactly the right message for her, just as with Miss M—— last week, the two cases starting from a very different level but the results the same, a real turning point. Don’t conclude from this, however, that I am always seeing results, because I am not; but that I am entirely content about these, because everything is just as he chooses it to be.”

When she was taking holiday she was just as earnest in her appeals as when she was at home. From Switzerland she wrote about an acquaintance thus :

“I knew she was not happy. When alone, I asked why she should let days and weeks go by, drifting away in the cold. I told her I should leave her room after praying, and begged her to remain praying alone and surrender her whole life to the Lord Jesus. By and by, the time came for her music practicing. There was a ringiness in her touch, playing with such joyance. Presently, I went in and just put my arm round

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her: 'Is it for Jesus?' 'Yes, I've made up my mind, it is all for Jesus.'"

It must not be thought, however, that Miss Havergal did her Christian work without a struggle. Once when she was absent on a visit, she wrote:

"I came to Newport with the idea of not being responsible for anyone's soul at all. I enjoyed the first three days in a general sort of way, but no real gain to myself. I declined addressing the Y.W.C.A. meeting, but was present and was asked to sing. It was all very nice, but not real work. I felt dissatisfied. . . . Saturday I went to the Infirmary. In the women's ward I read and prayed and sang, and then spoke to each alone. I saw there was sowing and reaping work wanted, and many wanted me to come again. When I went again God sent much blessing. One had found peace after I left her. Before I left the ward I think another was enabled by God's Spirit to trust in the Lord Jesus."

When she could not speak to a friend in person she did not excuse herself, but used the mails. Thus she wrote to one young woman:

"I never told you, but you can't think how I have longed for you ever since I first saw you. I have prayed for you again and again. I want you for Jesus. It is not only that I want you to be safe in him, I do want that, but I want you to be altogether his own, knowing all the sweet peace of being his very own and using all your bright days for him."

Again she wrote to a young girl who was about to return to school:

"Are you to go back doubtful, uneasy, fearful,

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dissatisfied, alone? or is it to be going back with Jesus? . . . I desire and pray that the great question of your life, of your whole eternity, may be decided before you go back."

To a young man she wrote :

"To-morrow your manhood begins. Whose shall it be? How much of it shall be for him? . . . I want you for my Master's sake, far more than for your own. I must not stay up writing, but I don't think I shall soon sleep. God helping me, I will not let him go except he bless you."

From Switzerland a traveler wrote to Miss Haver-gal's sister :

"I feel sure that God led us to Champiery that we might meet your dear sister Frances. Oh, I cannot tell what a blessing she was to me there. I always looked for those fair curls; and the saloon seemed desolate if I could not hear her voice and often merry laugh. She was so happy and whole-hearted, and she spoke to me of the Lord Jesus, and the joy of being altogether and only his. Yes, it was on the balcony at Champiery that a new life and love seemed lighted up in my soul. Even as she was speaking to me I felt that, with God's grace, I must take the same steps she had."

WINNING MEN BY HOLY BOLDNESS

IN a Pennsylvania village a boy of seventeen, while attending a revival service in the local church, decided to become a Christian. After the service the evangelist walked with him to the home of his uncle, where he was boarding. His father lived on a farm, three miles from the village. All his ancestors for generations had been farmers.

“Is your father a Christian?” the minister asked the lad, before leaving him at the gate. “No? Then that will be your first work; get him to become a Christian and unite with the Church when you do. Will you do it?”

“I shall be delighted,” was the ready response. “But do you think I know how?”

“You do not have to know how. Just tell him you want him to be a Christian. Let the rest take care of itself.”

It did not occur to the young convert to question the authority of the minister to outline his work for him, or to fear lest he make a fool of himself. Evidently he was on intimate terms with his father, for he looked forward eagerly to Friday evening, when he was to go home. It was his purpose to do the appointed work without delay, as soon as opportunity offered.

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"Father, I want you to be a Christian," he said, simply, when he was in the room with his father.

For a moment there was no reply. The father only stared.

"I suppose he never had been so startled in his life," the son said later, in telling the story. "I spoke those words as if I was speaking on an ordinary, everyday matter. Perhaps he was all the more startled for this reason."

Finally the surprised father found his tongue.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

The boy repeated the words, and explained that he expected to unite with the Church.

"And you want me to be a Christian?" the father asked, looking hard at his son.

"Certainly, I am going to be a Christian and I want you to come along."

By that time the boy was sitting on his father's knee. Looking up earnestly into the face so close to his own, the boy said:

"Will you do it, Daddy?"

The mother had listened intently to the conversation. She had been silent as long as she could, but now she broke in:

"Theodore, we had better go with our boy."

So, when the son became a member of the Church, he had the joy of standing with his parents, the first fruits of his service of Christ.

"From the day when I spoke to father about becoming a Christian, it never entered my head that I was to be anything but a minister," that boy said, when he was a man. "And always it has seemed to me a

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matter of course to work with individuals, just as I worked with my father.

"I have had some wonderful experiences, and yet they all seem perfectly natural. Somehow I expect results. I never go after a man feeling that maybe I am to be defeated in the effort to win him.

"More, personal work is a habit with me. Yet I should add that the work is never done perfunctorily. I never start out with the thought, 'Well, I must speak to five men to-day.' My work cannot be done that way. Impulse is an important part of my equipment for this all-important task. I dare not resist the impulse to speak to a man for God any more than I dare to do the work mechanically. Unless we act on the impulse of the Holy Spirit when we are seeking souls, we go in our own strength."

This incident shows what he means when he says that he does personal work on impulse:

"As I sat down to my desk one clear, bright morning in May, a great desire seized me to win someone to Christ that very morning. The desire mastered every other feeling. With a prayer for the Master's company on the errand, I left the books which begged for a reading, the writing in which my heart delights, and made straight for a business office.

"I knew whom I was after. I had met him often. I had prayed for him. We were good friends, and yet I had never set out before to win him to Christ. I believed he had a secret love for Christ, for he was a man of irreproachable life, the sort of man who is, perhaps, the hardest to win, for he could say with all truth and candor, 'I am living the best life I know

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how,' or, 'I am living a better life than many of your church members'; sayings with which we are all familiar, and the truth of which often robs us of further words in our effort to win the man for Christ. I knew this man could say this, and probably would if I gave him a chance. But my soul was fired with a passion to win him that morning.

"I had reached the office by this time and, without further thought, I stepped in. He had evidently just reached his desk for the morning's work. He turned to greet me, and when our hands came together I held on. His eyes met mine, and, in answer to his 'good morning,' I said:

" 'I have come in this morning to ask you to give your heart to Christ and confess him before men.'

"The pause was not awkward, but intense. His eyes moistened, and he replied: 'You must certainly mean business to come at me like this.'

" 'I do; will you do it?'

"Our eyes met again, and he said with a deliberation that must have thrilled the angels of heaven:

" 'I will do it!'

"Some days afterward when we met, he said: 'You came at me as though you were selling me a house and lot, and wanted me to clinch a bargain while I could get it.'

"I replied that it was the greatest bargain he ever made, and worth clinching in a business fashion.

"His answer I shall never forget. I tell it that others who may wish to do personal work may have it and never forget it. He said:

" 'If men would go out to win men for Christ as

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they go out to sell real estate, with the same sense of value in mind and the value of the bargain to be clinched, they would find men ready to close with the offer of Christ on the spot.' "

Another secret of this man's success as a soul winner is his holy boldness in speaking to men. He does not mince his words. He feels that he has a tremendous message to deliver, and that he must drive it home at all costs.

One night a drunken man came into the church. As he staggered into a seat the pastor beckoned to an usher and asked him to see that a burly guardian sat by the side of the drunken man, to guard against disturbance.

"I preached at that man all the evening," the pastor has said. "Some people might have said, 'What's the use? he cannot understand.' Yet I felt that my message was for him. At the close of the service I announced an after meeting. In the after meeting I asked those who wished us to pray for them to stand. The drunken man stood. He seemed to throw a chill on those present. No one would pray. The meeting was dismissed. Then I spoke to the man who, my people thought, had killed the meeting.

"'You have come into the after service. Do you know why you came? You have come to seek Christ, have you? I see you are an old soldier. You have been an Indian fighter, you say? Well, did you ever see a coward?'

"The word made his eyes blaze. I could see that he had nothing but scorn for a coward.

"'Very well, then,' I went on, 'you want to enlist

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in the army of Christ. Are you going to be a good soldier, or are you going to be a coward?’

“It was evident that the question sobered him instantly. For a moment he did not speak. Then he said:

“‘My God! I’m lost!’

“‘Not if you will be saved,’ was the reply.

“After prayer, he went out. One of the deacons who had heard our talk, said:

“‘He is too drunk to know what he is doing.’

“Yet within two weeks that man came to us with his wife, two brothers-in-law, two sisters-in-law, and his son, and all became members of the Church, though none had been Christians before the evening when the word coward was flung in his face.

“And what a change there was in his appearance! When we first saw him he was unshaven, his clothing was soiled, his linen was dirty. When he united with the Church he was altogether clean and tidy. ‘The Lord has cleaned up my body as well as my soul,’ he said.

“At once he gave up a position which paid good wages, in order that he might escape the profanity of his fellow-workers, and the temptation to drink that would come to him in their presence.

“To-day he is battalion chief in the fire department of an interior city in New York State.”

Here is another instance when boldness won, to the amazement of onlookers:

One day this pastor was conducting a meeting in a Brooklyn machine shop. A big Swede, a regular bruiser, whose face told of his licentious life, annoyed

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him, as he had often done before. To this man had been traced several anonymous letters in which the minister had been threatened with violence. The Swede could not write, but he had used as a tool a weak man who wrote for him.

It was the last day of the meetings, and the minister felt the impulse to speak to the big Swede. His opportunity came when he jumped down from the bench on which he had been speaking. The Swede was at his elbow. Reaching up, the minister grasped his jacket, and said:

"Billy, you are a bad man. I can see into your heart. You are at enmity with God. Why don't you get right with him?"

"I braced myself for the result of my words," the personal worker tells the story. "I knew that Billy would have struck a man for less than I had said.

"But he only hung his head. Then he said, in broken English:

" ' Yes, I ought to be better. ' "

A year later the pastor was back at the shop for another meeting. The first man to take his hand was the Swede.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "But you don't look as you did a year ago. What is the matter?"

"I've joined the Church. My wife and my son joined with me."

"How did it happen?" he was asked.

"Do you know the day you told me I was a bad man? You were the first man who ever told me that. I'd have smashed anyone else who told me that.

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I couldn't get away from it. I had to become a Christian."

In a similar meeting in the Brooklyn Navy Yard the minister spoke on the subject, "Ye must be born again." In the course of his talk he used Christ's illustration, "The wind bloweth where it listeth."

"Yes, and the Holy Spirit leaves a man like the wind," was a workman's greeting, after the meeting. "I know the Scriptures." Then he proved it by quoting half a dozen passages.

"How do you come to know the Scriptures?" he was asked. "You are a tough."

"Yes, but I used to be a minister. Now I am a boiler riveter. I know all you can tell me."

"Do you know what I think of you?" the minister asked. "You are the biggest coward I ever faced."

"What do you mean?"

"If you know what I say is true, and refuse to face it and do the right thing, you are a coward."

The man turned away without another word. The minister feared he had spoken too severely. Three months passed. Then the man turned up at a noon meeting. He was clean. All signs of dissipation were gone.

"Do you know how you drove the truth home to me?" the riveter asked. "I haven't been able to get away from your words. We had prayer in the home last night for the first time in twelve years. I'm going back to where I was before. I'll be preaching again."

During the meetings conducted by "Billy" Sunday in Philadelphia in the early months of 1915, the subject of this chapter had many wonderful experiences

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in dealing with individuals. He was told thus of one of these:

"One night, after the crowd had gone, I saw a man walking aimlessly among the deserted choir seats. He was fingering a hymnbook and muttering to himself. He looked so strange that I addressed him.

" 'What is wrong to-night?' I asked. 'You are full of booze. What are you doing with that book?'

" 'I am a member of the choir.'

" 'And drunk? Why are you here?'

" 'I wanted to hear him all I could. I need help.'

" 'Well, you can't get help unless you will give up the drink.'

"Then he told me his story. His first wife died, leaving two children. These he put in an orphan asylum. Soon he married again, to make a home for the children. For some reason the wife sold the household goods and disappeared with the children. Then he took to drink.

"He gave me his last address. I turned this over at once to one of my church workers and asked her to look up the woman for the old man.

" 'Old man, listen,' I said to him. 'You say you were once a member of the Church. You have been bad. Your wife had provocation. There must have been right on her side. Now I want you to set yourself right. We have a board meeting at our church Monday night. I want you to come out. Tell your story to the deacons and ask to unite with the Church. You see, I'm going all the way with you. I have faith in you. I put you on your honor.'

" 'I'll be there,' he said.

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“On Monday evening, before the hour for the meeting to begin, he was there, and with him was his wife. He told his story, as he had promised to do. There was no concealment, no evasion. As he concluded, he said:

“‘You’re the first man who has put me on my honor in twenty years. When a man believes in me, I am bound to show up.’

“Two weeks later the husband and wife came to church, leading the two daughters. ‘I want them to be members of the Church,’ the father said. ‘They are both Christians.’

“‘How long have you been Christians?’ I asked them.

“‘Ever since that night two weeks ago when daddy came home from church and prayed with us,’ they said.”

“It pays to put a hard man to a hard test,” the worker insists.

A problem of a different sort was put to this personal worker one evening after a theater meeting, when a burly man approached him, grinning, and said:

“You didn’t get me to-day!”

“Why didn’t you come?” he was asked.

“I wanted you to get me, but you didn’t,” was the strange reply.

“What kind of state of mind is that?” he was questioned further. “You want to, and won’t! That’s a peculiar attitude, I must say. Well, I am to be here Sunday night. I’ll get you then for Christ. He is working for me. You can’t fight both of us.”

WINNING MEN BY HOLY BOLDNESS

On the next Sunday evening the personal worker told the people at the theater of his experience with this man.

"I don't know whether he is here, or not," he said. "If he is here, he is going to come down and give me his hand in token of his desire to be a Christian. He can't resist. The man who wants to be reached by Christ, is going to be reached."

The man came at once.

"You got me," he said, simply.

"How did I get you?"

"You were honest. You told everything right out. I didn't expect you to do that."

In a Baltimore shop a workman of another stamp altogether came to this same minister. He was an infidel, who declared he did not need Christ, even if there was a Christ. He was not a bad man, but he was a moralist.

"I am willing to take my chances," he said.

"With whom?" he was asked. "It is nonsense to say you will take your chances unless you name someone with whom you will take your chances."

"That's easy," the man replied. "I'll take my chances with a lot of Christians I know. I stand as good a chance as they do."

"Then you will land in hell!"

"How is that?" was the surprised question.

"Because you will pick out hypocrites, not real Christians. And they will lead you straight to hell."

The next week he came to the minister again.

"I have been thinking all week of what you said to me," he began. "You are right. The Christians

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I would choose to take my chances with would land me in hell."

"Will you stand up and tell the men that? You have been standing in my way here. I can't get past you."

But the man said he was no speaker; he could not be expected to do as he was asked.

"Yet, at the end of the meeting, I told the men of our conversation," the narrator went on. "'He is going to tell you he thinks he had better get on the other side,'" I explained.

"I knew I was taking a chance," the personal worker says. "What if he wouldn't speak?"

There was a minute's silence. Then the man came to the front.

"The minister is right," he said. "I'm going to stop fighting Christianity. I'm going to be a Christian if I can learn how."

"That man is an earnest Christian to-day, a member of the Methodist Church," was said in concluding this story. Then the speaker added: "You must shock many a man to get him into the Kingdom. There must be a jogging somewhere, or nothing will happen."

The worker once startled a student of the University of Pennsylvania whom he had seen several times at the Sunday evening service. He was a fine-looking young man, mature for a student, for he was nearly thirty years old.

"You are a Christian?" he was asked at the close of one of these services.

"No! I've no use for Christianity," he replied.

"You ought to be a Christian."

WINNING MEN BY HOLY BOLDNESS

"I can't be, and remain in my business. I am a politician. I come from a New England city. Some of the ward politicians are clubbing together to pay my expenses in the University. They want me to learn economics and political science and jurisprudence, so that when I return home I can show them how to obstruct legislation and make a good thing for the crowd."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" he was asked. "A clean fellow like you to be beholden to a gang whose dream it is to defeat decent legislation. I am ashamed of you!"

"I never thought of it that way," he said, as he turned away.

A little later he sought the minister who had shocked him by his plain words.

"You hit me so hard I had to see you again," he began. "I need the money those three men are sending me."

"Oh, if you want to train with the Devil's bunch, you can," he was greeted. "Why don't you cut with that bunch and be a Christian! You don't have to train with those fellows."

Many times he came to see the minister. Always he had his arguments ready.

But one Sunday night when the invitation was given, he came forward. He asked to meet the Board. To them he said:

"I can't tell you how I feel. I have no experience to relate. I can only say that I want to do all I can for Christ. I want to go out and fight for righteousness."

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At once he sent word to the gang that he could not take more of their dirty money. Then he began to work among the students. He gathers them in groups and talks to them. He is a sort of undergraduate lay preacher.

"What are you going to do when you finish your college course?" he was asked.

"Go home and fight the bunch. I can do it from the inside," he said.

"It is the straight gospel all men want, business men, professional men, factory men, students," the worker urges. "It is a mistake to think that men can be reached by a diluted gospel, a gospel trimmed for their benefit. They say that students are the hardest men to deal with. I have not found it so. For three years I have had a class of thirty fraternity men. We don't have sociological topics; we have the straight gospel. We close our service with prayer. And six of the group have become out and out Christians recently.

"Yes, it is the old gospel that goes home. But it must be driven home with boldness."

LXXI

THE MAKING OF A PERSONAL WORKER

I ENTERED Bridgewater a careless, thoughtless, godless, swearing young fellow."

This was the way George Williams characterized himself when he told of the days of his first service as a clerk in a draper's shop in a provincial town in England.

Fortunately for him, however, his associates were not all like himself. Most of them lived carelessly and even loosely, but there were two apprentices whose lives showed the results of Christian training. "I saw increasingly that they were going to heaven, but that I was on the downward road to hell," Mr. Williams wrote. "I now began to pray, but, even on my knees, oaths would come to my lips. I felt that there was a difference between me and these other assistants, and I tried to discover what it was."

At least one of the young men who attracted him pleaded with him to change his manner of life, but at first his pleadings seemed to have little effect. Yet while the words made no impression, the consistent life of the apprentice influenced him.

One night, after returning from Zion Chapel, he knelt down at the back of the draper's shop and gave his heart to God. At once he began to live in accordance with what became his life motto: "It is not

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how little but how much we can do for others." Fellow clerks felt the influence of his life and his words. Within a few months the prayer meeting and the Bible class started by him among his fellows "had become almost a part of the business routine." Within a few months the whole aspect of the Bridgewater shop was changed. When the term of his apprenticeship expired, he was missed by many.

The most important event of the brief service as clerk for his brother at a village near Bridgewater was the response of his brother's wife to his urgent presentation of Jesus Christ.

In 1841 the young Christian entered a London drapery establishment where scores of young men were employed as apprentices and assistants. In accordance with the custom of the day, these young men lived in rooms provided by their employer.

At the time it was said that it was almost impossible for one of these men to be a Christian. The hours of work were long, and there was no restraint placed on them when the brief hour for relaxation came at the close of the day. The men easily fell into dissolute habits. As a result the rooms in which the apprentices and clerks lived were the abode of wickedness of all kinds.

The thought of these men—and of the one hundred and fifty thousand like them in London—saddened George Williams. It seemed to him that "no man cared for their souls."

At once he began to devise ways to help them. Tactfully he talked with fellow clerks, found a few who were ready to join him in Christian service and

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persuaded others to begin the Christian life. With their help he held prayer meetings in the rooms, labored with the men one by one, and prayed for them long and earnestly. The brief entries in diaries kept at this time show that he enjoyed most the days on which he was able to persuade someone to think of life more seriously.

Promotion came to him, but his thoughts were still fixed on his fellows and their needs rather than on himself. For at this time he wrote:

“What is my aim? Is it money, honor, dignity, luxuries, ease? What is there in money that will satisfy thee, O my soul? What honor can there be compared to the honor I already possess of being a child of God and having a title to an inheritance incorruptible? What dignity so ennobling as what I already possess? What greatness equal to being a child of God, a joint heir with Christ? Luxuries, what are they? Pleasing to the flesh, but not half so pleasing as the smile of His countenance. Ease, what is that? Do I require it? No, not while lost souls are going to hell.”

His hunger for souls is evident from these statements made by J. E. Hodder-Williams, in his biography of the draper's clerk:

“He singled out one after another from among the assistants in the drapery establishment, and plead for them individually at the throne of Grace. His diaries contain many references to these early wrestlings. ‘In room No. 14,’ he writes at one time, ‘the Lord having closed me, in, I was enabled to plead, and I believe the Lord

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has given me ——.' Here follow the names of three assistants. 'Oh, Lord, now come down and let me plead with them until I prevail.' On the next day another name is added, and every week the list grows. At the end of the year he enters the names of nine friends for whom he has made special supplication, all of whom have received Christ. In one case the answer came within two days. His belief in the power of prayer seldom faltered. His was the assurance of faith that works miracles. 'I believe,' he writes, 'that T—— will feel his sin this day and turn to Jesus. Oh, Lord, hear and answer my prayer.' Two months later there is an entry which proves that the prayer is abundantly answered. On December 23, 1844, he mentions a number of men for whom he is praying, and in January of the following year six of these are 'under conviction, and gave evidence of the work of grace.' Surely, never young man had quicker or more abundant harvest."

One reason for the abundance of the harvest was the fact that he was unwearied in his efforts to help bring the answer to his own prayers by talking to the men whose names were on his list, asking them to accept Christ.

"The meetings grew rapidly in number and influence," the story continues. "On June 30, 1843, a prayer meeting from half-past six to half-past seven is established in No. 1 bedroom. A month later there are twenty present at the morning prayer meeting."

Soon "a kind of informal home missionary society was founded, one of the aims of which was that in due course everyone in the house should be spoken

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to about his soul. At each meeting certain names were brought forward of those for whom special and united prayer was suggested, and in this manner man after man was marked out and no opportunity was lost of speaking with him. In almost every case their faith and their works were rewarded, and almost daily there were added unto them such as should be saved."

One secret of George Williams' success in this work for his associates was his tact. "He was wont to say, when asked as to the means he suggested for tackling a young man, 'Don't argue, take him to supper,' " and in more than one instance he carried out his suggestion literally. In reviewing these early days, he used to tell the story of how they won over to their side one of the young fellows in the house who was most active in his opposition, and whose conduct was a terrible ordeal for their faith. "He held a good position in the shop, and the Christian young men could not get near him in any way. When a young fellow gave his heart to Christ, he would pounce on him and say, 'We'll soon take all that nonsense out of you!' He was the organizer and chairman of the 'free-and-easy' held on Saturday evening at the adjoining public house, 'The Goose and Gridiron,' to which many of Williams' fellow clerks resorted. In a short time he had promoted a very active and vigorous campaign against these young men of the upper room, and naturally he was at once marked out by them for special and particular prayer. For many weeks they waited in vain for sign of change. His hostility increased in vehemence and bitterness."

One evening, when Williams and his comrades had

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been trying to devise some means of getting in touch with him, the leader of the band said:

"Can anyone tell me if there is anything he is specially fond of which we could give him? Can we do anything that will overcome his dislike for us?"

"He has a passion for oysters," was the laughing suggestion made by a clerk.

"Then let's give him an oyster supper!"

The story moves on rapidly to the inevitable conclusion: "In due course he was casually informed that a number of the young fellows were going to join in a big oyster supper, and would be glad if he would accompany them. The idea of these Christian young men indulging in such frivolity amused him immensely and in a spirit of bravado he accepted their invitation. It was a lively evening for all concerned, and all enjoyed it, for George Williams had given strict instructions that no attempt at proselyting was to be made on that occasion. Their avowed enemy, finding himself in such pleasant company, came to the conclusion that these young men were not so black as he had painted them. As a return for their hospitality, he consented later on to attend some of their meetings."

Prayer and personal work had their effect on the difficult young man, and before long he asked to be admitted as a member of the praying band.

By this time George Williams was being avoided by those who did not wish to hear his appeals as much as he was sought by those who enjoyed his Christian fellowship. "Going to bed at night was an undertaking calling for much careful scouting on the part

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of those who had attracted his attention, and they would carefully examine the passages leading to their bedrooms to make sure of the coast being clear, for their zealous comrade was often lying in ambush, and, given the opportunity, would not be denied."

Yet he was one of the most popular men in the establishment. "His importunity never offended. He had, as was often said, a way with him. It was impossible to resent his cheery, unaffected sincerity, his manly directness, his courageous simplicity, and all in the house respected him, for he was admitted to be one of the best salesmen in the city."

The employer was not forgotten. He was the subject of prayer, and personal interviews with him were sought. In 1843 he became a Christian; in the fall of that year he employed a chaplain to conduct morning worship for the young men. A little later he was chosen president of the Young Men's Missionary Society.

By this time it was said to be almost as impossible for an employee of the house to keep from being a Christian as, at the beginning of George Williams' clerkship, it was for an employee to be a Christian. The change in sentiment was reflected by a letter written by the head of the firm to a new assistant:

"I conclude from your letters that your earnest desire is to live to God, and this moves me to engage you. Be much in prayer, then, that God may make you useful in my establishment. Come in a spirit of prayer, and God will bless you."

Of course the work could not be confined to one establishment. Soon Williams and his associates

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were doing personal work among the employees of other houses.

And on June 6, 1844, the young man whose prayer meetings and services with individuals had been used by God for the transformation of the clerks in a large business united with associates in forming the first Young Men's Christian Association.

LXXII

RECRUITING ON THE PRAIRIES

ONE of the most unique of the men who are notable for their passion for personal work is Robert Frederick Sulzer, a bluff Sunday-school missionary on the prairies. He was once a railway man, but his success in winning his associates as recruits for Christ made him ready to listen to the invitation to the work which he looked on as a distinct promotion.

David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D., who knew the missionary intimately in the days of his railroad service, has said of him: "His methods are out of the ordinary, but I have never known them to offend. His sense of humor is contagious and always carries him through. He makes people smile, but he makes them cry, too. His handshake is an open sesame to the hearts of those who do not like his religion. . . . I never knew a more tactful man; and I have seen him more than once at close quarters with the enemy. He conquers by the strategy of love."

One Sunday morning in 1863 the future missionary was in Corning, New York, where he had gone from his home in New York City, in search of work. The lonely lad wandered into a church. After the service was over he was going out of the door when the old janitor hurried after him, laid his hand on his shoulder, spoke kindly to him, and urged him to remain to

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Sunday school. His heart warmed at the unexpected greeting from a stranger. He did remain, and at the close of the study hour another man gave him a personal message.

Next day the teacher of the class called on him at the tin shop where he had secured employment. He has never forgotten the words of his caller, words which had their reward when the tinner's helper—the trophy of two men who did not overlook the opportunity to speak to a homesick boy—confessed Christ in the church which he had entered first as a shrinking stranger.

Eighteen years later, as a railroad employee in Iowa, he had an experience in personal work that justified the words of Doctor Burrell concerning him. Of this he has written in "Planting the Outposts":

"I was interested in all kinds of mission work and often spoke to the railroad men about their salvation. One evening I said to one of them, 'George, are you ready to become a Christian?' 'No use trying, a man can't be a Christian, and railroad.' 'Well,' said I, 'you come in here.' I took him into the mission—the old saloon building—and in the dark I said, 'George, if you ever expect to eat another meal, you give your heart to the Lord right now, or you never will.' He was converted, raised a Christian family, and is now a prominent official of a trunk line railroad in the South."

Four years after this experience he began the work as a Sunday-school missionary for which unconsciously he had been preparing himself. The story of the beginning of this service is an inspiring record

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of personal work. Of three incidents he has told thus:

“One day I was at a railway junction with three hours on my hands before my train was due. I thought of an acquaintance several miles distant and determined to call on him.

“I took a bee line across the prairie. On the way I saw a man plowing in the field, and something said to me, ‘Talk to that man about his soul.’ I was in a hurry, and I said, ‘Not now.’ The second time something said, ‘Go and talk to that man about his soul.’ But I said, ‘When I come back I will.’ The third time something said to me, ‘Talk to that man about his soul.’ Whereupon, I ran over to where he was, halted him, and asked, ‘Are you a Christian?’ He stopped his team, and said he didn’t know. I told him he had better find out.

“During the conversation that followed he told me that he sometimes felt he ought to be a Christian, and that he thought if it were not for his wife he might be a Christian. Usually the difficulty is on the other side. I asked him if his wife was at home. When he said she was, I proposed that we go to the house. He left his team in the field and we walked out together.

“In the house I saw three children. ‘Don’t you know that these children need a praying father and a praying mother?’ I asked. We talked a while, then we all knelt. Before we rose they had given their hearts to the Lord. They had both been afraid—as is so often the case—to talk to each other about this most important matter.

“When I was ready to go it was nearly train time,

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so I rushed back to the depot without seeing my friend."

"One day I was invited out to dinner by a woman who was a professing Christian; but her husband was not. She gave us to understand that we had better not say anything to him in regard to religion, as he might not take it kindly. After a pleasant visit I wished to go out for a walk. Before starting I suggested that we have a short Scripture reading and a word of prayer. Before kneeling I put my hand on the husband's shoulder and said, 'Now, John, just give your heart to the Lord while we pray.'

"He came to church that night without his wife. On the way home he passed a little wood. Into this he turned and knelt to pray. He arose feeling so happy that he hardly knew what had come over him. All at once it dawned on him that he had accepted Christ and that his sins were forgiven. When he reached home he wakened his wife and told her the story. The next evening at our meeting, he related the incident of the night before and gave a rousing testimony of how the Lord had forgiven his sins. He was afterward made an officer in the church."

"While riding in a caboose on one of my trips a tall old man, rather surly-looking, entered. His shoes were ragged and his face and hair looked as though he had not seen a barber shop for a month or two. He had a fiddle case in one hand and his wardrobe tied up in an old bandanna in the other. As he sat opposite to me my heart went out to him. I wondered

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if he knew that the Lord loved him and I became very anxious to speak to him about it. After a while I asked him what he had in his box. When he said it was a fiddle, I asked him to get it out and play a tune. To my surprise he played all gospel hymns. So I said, 'You must play in church.' He shook his head. 'You certainly must play in Sunday school,' I suggested. Again he shook his head. He told me they had no use for tunes of that sort where he played."

This was Mr. Sultzer's chance, and he used it to urge the man to become a Christian and start a Sunday school at his home.

Before the two men parted, a promise had been given by the man to go round and ask his neighbors to gather for Sunday school on a certain Sunday. The missionary said he would be there and help.

"On the Saturday before the meeting, he met me at the station, twelve miles from the schoolhouse," Mr. Sulzer concluded the story. "When we reached the schoolhouse we found it had lots of grain stored in it and that it had not been used, even for a day school, for a long time. We cleaned it out and got it ready for Sunday morning, when we had a full house and organized a Sunday school. It flourished, and in a year or two a church developed out of it.

"One day a couple of years later, when I was at his home, I asked him to give me a tune. He said he couldn't; he had sold his fiddle because the people kept coming after him to play for dances. The family moved later from the place, and I have heard that both he and his daughter are to-day playing violins in Sunday school."

LXXIII

PASSING ON THE BLESSING

WHEN Edward Card, a Nova Scotia boy, was ten years old he left school and went to work on fishing and coasting schooners. While a sailor he learned to drink. When he was nineteen, he left the sea, and went to Chicago. There he worked as a helper in a foundry; and there he fell deeper into sin. Finally he was discharged. Taking his savings he went to Omaha. There he did odd jobs, and lived in the saloons. Soon he had spent all he had. So he left the city hoping to get away from his bad habits. He counted the ties. He stole rides on freight trains. He begged from door to door. Finally, at a way station, he agreed to care for three carloads of hogs about to be shipped to Chicago. The story of the prodigal son was thus duplicated in his experience, so far as misery is concerned.

In Chicago he found work as porter with the United States Express Company. He attended to duty and was promoted to positions of trust. He had not given up drinking, however. Many times he could not understand how he was able to hold his place. Frequently he would wake up after a debauch and find himself in Minneapolis, or Omaha, or Kansas City. More, he was a defaulter. Once, on the Harlem Race Track, he stared the penitentiary in the face, for he

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had lost one hundred and fifty dollars of the Company's money. The crime was not discovered, and he returned the amount in installments.

He knew he was on the brink of a drunkard's grave, but he saw no way to escape until a friend urged him to go to the noonday prayer meeting at Willard Hall, Chicago. He accepted the invitation, and there, on January 14, 1893, in response to the plea of a Gideon who told him he needed the help of Christ, he gave himself to the Master.

From that day he determined to pass on the blessing he had received. Men had spoken to him in his time of need, urging him to be a Christian; he would lose no opportunity to speak to others.

In Chicago it was his joy to know that many welcomed his words of cheer and invitation. They were all the more ready to listen to him because he was doing his work well, and was receiving merited promotion.

A few months later he was transferred to St. Louis, where he became general agent of the express company. In his new home he continued the personal work for souls begun in Chicago. Everywhere, in the office, on the street cars, in places of amusement, his genial presence was made known as he spoke tactful words which, in many instances, were used to help men to a better life. Of course there were those who discouraged him, as there were those who called him a hypocrite. But he kept on serenely, and earned his way to the approval of both employers and associates.

He had been in his new position only a year when

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a company of Christian business men decided to open the City Mission for the help of the men who were "down," in the "barrel house" district of the city. At once their thoughts turned to the soul-seeking express agent. What a glorious thing it would be if they could persuade him to be superintendent!

Two or three men who learned of their plan said it was nonsense to think of persuading him to accept the position. "He would be a fool to give up a sure twenty-four hundred dollars a year for the possibility of bare support you have to offer him."

Those who said this proved to be bad prophets, for when the proposition was made to Edward Card, he accepted it at once. He was looking for just such a chance to devote his life to the personal work that had been more and more engrossing his attention since his conversion.

During the first four months of his new service he received a little more than the express company had paid him for two weeks. "But what of that?" he said, with a glad smile, to a friend who tried to sympathize with him. "I had a small balance in the bank to draw on. And every day I could speak to ten, twenty, thirty men, one by one, as well as address the company that gathered every evening. At last I had found work in which my soul delighted."

Helpers were inspired with his vision of the immense possibilities of the personal message to the men on the street. One such man, a traveling salesman for a New York house, who had been on a long debauch, was asked by an assistant to go and speak to Mr. Card. "He will tell you what you need," he

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said. That day the man became a Christian. Not long after he became an enthusiastic Gideon, and so helped Mr. Card to pass on the blessing received in Chicago.

The personal plea of the superintendent reached the heart of a tramp, who later enlisted in the marines. When he was stationed at Mare Island, San Francisco, he was instrumental in leading many of his comrades to Christ.

One of the earnest men who came to share Mr. Card's passion for souls was an outcast until the superintendent found him, and urged him to give Christ the chance to make a man of him. Filled with surprise that anyone could think there was hope for him, he listened to Mr. Card's entreaties and began the fight back to manhood.

For a year he remained in St. Louis, where he followed in the footsteps of the man whom God used to win him to Christ, seeking men on the street and in the saloons and giving them hearty invitations to "taste and see that the Lord is good."

At length he joined the navy, in order that he might live in daily touch with the sailors, and satisfy his longing to testify for his Master. With two carloads of recruits he started for the Pacific Coast. Within twenty-four hours he was hard at work. At first his companions made all manner of sport of him, but his earnestness finally won a number of them. Several were converted on the journey. During the first month at Mare Island nineteen were brought to Christ. Later he was transferred to Sitka, Alaska, where he was so persistent and so successful in talking for the Master, that he was nicknamed "the sailor evangelist."

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Thus the resolution made by Edward Card in Chicago to pass on the blessing he had received through the friendly touch of one who longed for his salvation is being passed on through the men to whom he delights to speak his word of testimony.

LXXIV

HIS CHIEF BUSINESS

HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL, that past master in personal work, once said: "Of the two men I have known who seemed more than any other persons I ever met to be always and absolutely devoted to the Master's work, as shown in every word and act of their lives while I was acquainted with them, one was literally living from hand to mouth, never perhaps possessing a hundred dollars at a time, while the other's possessions could be counted by the millions. This is incidentally an illustration of the truth that it is not what a man has or what he lacks, but it is what he is in his Master's sight and service that commends him to God and to his fellows. One of these two men was 'Uncle John' Vassar. It can be imagined which of the two he was."

In 1850 the American Tract Society asked John Ellison Vassar to become one of their colporteurs to carry books to the homes of people in the West. Although he was receiving a better income where he was than he could hope for in the new employment, he accepted the offer because it would give him the opportunity for which he longed to approach individuals on "The King's Business."

His first attempt was made in Illinois at a time when prospects were not favorable. A drought af-

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fecting his sales, but he was not discouraged. "I am not disappointed in the least," he wrote. "The Lord is a present help. I pass along the highways contented with any fare, and stop where the night overtakes me, witnessing all the time to small and great that Christ has power to save."

Everywhere he went men came to expect him to talk to them of religion, and it was a common occurrence when a revival followed his visit to a community. Once, when he found himself in the home of a Christian father and mother he had known in the East, he asked them about their neighbors. They were compelled to own that they had been among them for five years and had never learned if they were Christians. There was then no Sunday school in the neighborhood; but within a few weeks the awakened Christian parents secured the vicinity, organized a Sunday school, and gathered the people for regular church services.

This is but a sample instance of many, for he was a tireless worker. In one of his reports, he said: "I visit frequently forty families a day, have a meeting somewhere every night, and speak to three Sunday schools practically every Lord's Day. I have conversed with over three thousand people during the last three months on the subject of personal religion."

Not always were his advances well received, but his earnestness and sincerity soon won him a sympathetic hearing. Once, when in Cleveland, he called at a beautiful home on Euclid Avenue. "What do you want, sir?" was the greeting of the mistress. "I am a colporteur of the Tract Society, and I am selling

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these books." "We have a library," was the reply. "I don't doubt it," he answered, "but the truth is I am legs for Bunyan, Baxter, Flavel, and others." His quiet speech won the lady, who asked him into the parlor. Then he began his real business. "I am not only a seller of books, but I am anxious to know if you love Jesus," he said. "I am a member of the Church," was the answer. "So am I," said her visitor, "but I fear that God will not take our church records. He counts the names recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life." The lady was soon in tears, and when prayer was proposed she fell on her knees beside her visitor. When he left, she begged him to forgive her for the way in which she had at first received him.

A stranger in a New York village, seeking the home of a friend, asked the way of a man whom he passed. The direction was given by the man, who immediately inquired, "Are you a Christian, my young friend?" After a satisfactory answer he went on his way, remarking that he was "in a hurry to look up some lost sheep." When the stranger reached the home of the friend he sought, he told of his encounter with "a crazy man in search of some sheep." "Why, that was John Vassar, our county missionary, and the sheep that he was in search of are the Lord's," was the laughing explanation.

Sometimes men sought to avoid him, and he always seemed to know instantly whether to follow them up or to let them alone for a time. An instance of persistent following up is told by his biographer, Thomas E. Vassar:

"One day Uncle John felt the impression very

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strong that he ought to go and see a wavering young man, evidently troubled about his salvation. It was nearly noon, and the men on the farm were coming in from the field. All gathered around the table for dinner save the one that it was desired to reach. The father said that his son would probably be in presently, but he did not come. Uncle John feared that he was keeping out of the way purposely, and determined to go out and look him up. Through all the outbuildings he searched and called, but without success. He was about to give up the quest, when he chanced to spy the open door of a corn crib, and, on entering, he found in a large hogshead the young man crouched. Climbing right over into it by the trembling, confounded, humiliated sinner's side, he began to talk and pray, and there the penitent settled the question to be forever the Lord's. Afterward he confessed to Uncle John that when he saw him looking around he took a sort of malicious satisfaction in thinking he had evaded him. But when discovery came, then over the fugitive crept such a sense of shame, and meanness, and foolishness and wickedness, as made him loathe himself."

Mr. Vassar always spoke of himself as a humble "shepherd dog," whose work it was to gather the people. "Come, bishop," he was accustomed to say to a pastor with whom he was laboring, "the Lord wants you to feed the sheep that he shall use me to bring together."

"One winter," related one minister who knew him, "when coming to labor with our own church, a heavy snow storm set in. It continued till the roads were

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blocked. The people could not get out, and meetings were not to be thought of. But he could not be snow bound. He would flounder through the drifts somehow, often kneeling in them to thank God for mercies granted or to plead with God for mercies needed." In such a time of storm he came to a home in New York. A daughter saw him and sought to escape, but her mother urged her to "stay and listen to a man who has traveled through this snow knee deep to do us good." Soon after he was admitted he prayed with the family. "And such a prayer we never heard before," the daughter afterward said. "We were all melted down. His visit was short, but it was wonderful." Three members of the family, including the reluctant daughter, became Christians that day.

Another story of one of Mr. Vassar's conquests is thus told in the biography:

"About twenty years ago Mr. S—— was drawing a load along the road when he met a stranger, who stopped him and said, 'What may I call your name, sir?' The one addressed replied, 'My name is S——.' 'Ah! You are a deacon in the church here, are you not? Well, deacon, my name is John Vassar; now, is your wife a Christian?' 'I am sorry to say that she is not.' 'Have you any objection to my calling and conversing with your family?' Uncle John then passed along, and the deacon went on and turned into a field with his load. He had not gone more than thirty yards when the thought came to him, 'How is this? Here is a stranger more concerned for the salvation of my family than I am. This is not right.' He

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jumped off his load, unhitched the horses from the sled, tied them, and started for the house. He arrived just in time to hear the prayer. That load was not moved again for six weeks. Mrs. S—— was converted, and forty-two others.”

Mr. Vassar was calling in a home where a young man was visiting a young woman whom he was soon to marry. Most men would have excused themselves, but the “shepherd dog” saw an opening. Learning that the young woman was a Christian, while the young man was not, he urged him to accept Christ and proposed that the young woman should kneel and pray for him. She hesitated, then poured out her heart with great earnestness. It is not strange that when, a little later, the young people were married, they were already one in Christian service.

Once Uncle John led to Christ a stranger driving an ox-cart, whom he overtook. After conversation, they knelt by the roadside. Within an hour he hurried across a field to a man at the plow. With him he knelt in the freshly turned furrows, and the result was another soul won for Christ. With a man in the field, husking corn, he pleaded until, after a season of unwillingness, the man knelt with him among the shocks. The farmer and three members of his family soon united with the Church.

During the war he was in the army, not as a chaplain, for he was not ordained, but as a lay worker. He might have been ordained; in fact, all arrangements had been made for this; but he heard that someone had said he sought the sacred office for gain. Then he went back to the front, determined to continue his

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work. His influence among both enlisted man and officers was very great. Everywhere he went there was a prayer meeting. Revival after revival was kindled by his enthusiasm.

Chaplain Trumbull, who knew him well during his army service, once told two incidents of this period: "While working as a lay missionary among the soldiers during the Gettysburg campaign, in 1863, Uncle John, with others, was swept in as a prisoner. At once he was at work for Christ among his captors, even while being taken before the commanding general, 'Jeb' Stuart,' the dashing cavalry leader. Answering the general's questions as to his occupation, Uncle John asked lovingly, 'Dear General, do you love Jesus?' At this the officer who had arrested him suggested to the surprised commander, 'General, you had better parole this man and send him back through the lines; if not, we shall have a prayer meeting all the way to Richmond.' Uncle John was paroled.

"Again he was summoned before General Ruger, of the Federal Army, for being in camp in civilian's dress, with the suggestion that he might be a spy. Uncle John explained that he had a pass from President Lincoln, and one from General Patrick, Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac; and then having cleared himself of suspicion, he added, 'And now, dear General, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? We can have a little season of prayer right here.' The General was willing to have 'Uncle John' return to his mission."

After the close of the war he renewed his service in

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the homes of the North. If possible, his passion for personal work was greater than ever. His earnestness and enthusiasm were contagious. Of this period in his life an incident has been told of his call at a fashionable home where he inquired for a man to whom he had been sent. "Not finding the man in, he addressed the wife, who held very different views as to religion from his. In vain she tried to shake him off. He was lovingly persistent for Christ. When the lady's husband returned, she said, 'There has been an old man here talking to me about religion.' 'Why didn't you shut him up?' asked the man. 'He's a person you can't shut up,' she answered. 'If I had been here, I'd have told him to go about his business.' 'If you had heard him, you'd have thought that he *was* about his business.' "

A pastor who sought his assistance for several weeks as a lay helper among his people told of talking to him—when on the way from the station, immediately after his arrival—of an infidel blacksmith whom it was hoped the layman would be able to influence. To the astonishment of the pastor, Uncle John insisted on going across the road to him at once. The unexpected visitor found the infidel bending over the hoof of a horse which he was shoeing. Gently he spoke to the surprised blacksmith. The pastor expected to hear an angry retort from the master of the forge, but to his astonishment the hoof was dropped, and the two men knelt on the dirt floor while Uncle John prayed with him.

Doctor Trumbull, who told a number of these incidents, said that his last sight of Uncle John was in a

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New York street car. After talking with him for a time, the man who made personal work his chief business noted a man across the aisle. "I wonder if he loves Jesus?" he said. As he spoke he was on his feet; and when Doctor Trumbull left the car he saw his friend talking earnestly to the stranger.

CONCLUSION

COUNTING OURSELVES IN

“THE story is told in an old Tamil book of twelve Brahmans, on a pilgrimage, who, while crossing a stream, escaped with great difficulty. Uncertain if all were alive, one of the pilgrims counted his companions: ‘Ondru, rendu, mundru, nalu, ainthu, aru, eru, ettu, onpathu, pathu, pathinondru!’ thus giving the numerals from one to eleven. ‘Alas, there are but eleven of us, and one of us must be drowned!’

“But who was missing? All responded to their names. A second pilgrim ranged his comrades in line, and counted. The result was the same. There were only eleven men; and yet they were certain that no one was missing.

“‘Let me count!’ said a third Brahman. When he had finished he declared that somebody was dead. Much puzzled, the men agreed to consult a hermit who lived near.

“The hermit asked them to stand in a row while she counted: ‘Ondru, rendu, mundru, nalu, ainthu, aru, eru, ettu, onpathu, pathu, pathinondru, panirendu!’

“‘Why, there are twelve of you!’ she said. ‘It is all right.’

“It was not an easy matter to convince them, but they finally admitted their error when they found that *each one of them had forgotten to count himself!*”

The late Jacob Chamberlain in telling the story, in

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“The Kingdom in India,” asked: “Do not we, fellow Christians, too often fall into this very Brahman dullness, and in God’s work each fail to count himself or herself? If there is real work to be done ‘for Christ and the Church’ are we not prone diligently and repeatedly to count all the others, and perhaps unconsciously neglect to count ourselves?”

The commission of the Master is, “Ye shall be my witnesses.” We hear, but are so apt to interpret the message as applying to anyone, everyone, but ourselves. How many Christians, thus leaving themselves out of the count, take no part in the God-given work of seeking the lost? What of our opportunities to witness for Christ to those we meet in the home, in business, or when we are seeking our pleasure? Since God says, “Ye,” let us be careful to count ourselves in, that we, too, may have a part in bringing the answer to our own prayer, “Thy Kingdom come.”

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